ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND:

BEING

A COMPLETE HISTORY

Of all the Notable and Merry EXPLOITS

PERFORMED

By Him and His Men on many Occasions

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A PREFACE

GIVING

A more full and particular Account of his BIRTH, &c. than any hitherto published.

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VARIETY of PICTURES, HISTORIES, BALLADS, &c. &c. &c.

A TABLE of all the SONGS.

		Page
1	ROBIN HOOD's *Parentage and Birth*	5
2	Robin Hood's *Progress to* Nottingham	11
3	Robin Hood *and the* Pinder *of* Wakefield	13
4	Robin Hood *and the* Bishop	14
5	Robin Hood *ond the* Butcher	17
6	Robin Hood *and the* Tanner.	20
7	Robin Hood *rescuing the three* Squires	24
8	Robin Hood *and the* Tinker	26
9	Robin Hood *and* Allen-a-Dale	31
10	Robin Hood *and the* Shepherd	34
11	Robin Hood *and the* Fryar	37
12	Robin Hood *revived.*	42
13	Robin Hood *and* Queen Catharine	45
14	Robin Hood *and the* Golden Arrow	50
15	Robin Hood's *Chace*	53
16	Robin Hood's *Golden Prize*	56
17	Robin Hood *and* Will Stutely	58
18	Robin Hood's *Preferment*	62
19	Robin Hood's *Delight*	65
20	Robin Hood *and the* Beggar	68
21	Robin Hood *and the* Prince *of* Arragon	71
22	Little John *and the* Four Beggars.	78
23	Robin Hood *and the* Ranger	80
24	*The* King's *Disguise and Friendship with* Robin Hood	83
25	Robin Hood *and* Little John	87
26	Robin Hood *and the* Bishop *of* Hereford	91
27	Robin Hood *and the* valiant Knight	94

THE PREFACE to the READER.

THERE is ſcarce any Story ſo little known, for one ſo very popular, as that of ROBIN HOOD *and* LITTLE JOHN. *Numbers there are who look upon all that is ſaid of them as fabulous, and believe them (like the Heroes and Gods of* Homer *and* Ovid*) to have exiſted no where but in the fertile Brain of an inventing Poet. Nor is this the Opinion of an unthinking People: I have often heard it aſſerted by Men of good Senſe; but that they are groſly miſtaken is very certain: For King* Richard *the Firſt, tranſported with Zeal, blindly ſacrificed every thing to it, and ruined himſelf and almoſt his whole Nation, to carry on a War againſt the* Infidels *in the* Holy Land, *where he went in Perſon. The inteſtine Troubles of* England *were very great at that Time; and even* John *the King's Brother, caballed to dethrone him, and take Poſſeſſion of his Kingdom. —This was an Opportunity which the* Outlaws *and* Banditti *would by no Means neglect, and* England *was every where infeſted with Thieves and Robbers. But amongſt thoſe, none made ſo conſiderable a Figure as* Robin Hood*; who, as Hiſtorians aſſure us, chiefly reſided in* Yorkſhire; *but who, if we may give any Credit to moſt of our old Songs, was very converſant in the County of Nottingham. Beſides* Little John *he had an hundred Bowmen in his Retinue, but none but the Rich ſtood in Awe of him: So far from ſpoiling the Poor, he did them all the Good that lay in his Power. Of the Rich, he ſeldom abuſed thoſe he robbed: and never offered to ſtop or riſle any Woman. It is not poſitively known who he was; but the general Opinion of the Hiſtorians is, that he was a Nobleman; by Birth noble, and created an Earl for ſome conſiderable Service done to his*

Country in War. But having rioteously spent his Estate, he took that Way of Living, rather chusing to venture his Life or every Thing he got, than to live in a dependant State, and be beholden to any Body for his Bread. Hubert, *Archbishop of* Canterbury, *and Chief Justiciary of* England, *endeavouring all he could to suppress those Robbers and Outlaws, set a very considerable Price upon the Head of* Robin Hood, *and several Stratagems were used to apprehend him; but all their Attempts proved fruitless. Force he repelled by Force, and Art by cunning; till at length falling ill, he went (in Order to be the better taken Care of) to* Birkleys, *a Nunnery in* Yorkshire, *where he desired to be let Blood; but the Reward set upon his Head being very considerable, it proved a great Temptation to some who knew him, by whom he was betrayed; and instead of bleeding as he desired, he was blooded to Death about the latter End of* 1395 *As to the following Song, with which we shall begin this Collection, I think I need not say any Thing in Commendation of it being the most beautiful, and one of the oldest extant on that Subject. — One Thing we must observe in Reading it, and that is, between some of the Stanza's we must suppose a considerable Time to pass.* Clorinda *might be a very forward Girl, if between* Robin Hood's *Question and her Answer we did not suppose two or three Hours to have been spent in Courtship. And between* Robin Hood's *being entertained at* Gamewell Hall, *and his having Ninety three Bowmen in* Sherwood, *we must allow some Years. — I know not how our Criticks will relish this; but I would have them remember, that the Poets of old scorned to curb the Poetick Fire to give Way to dull rule. They had no tedious Comment upon* Aristotle *to consult; no* Bossus *nor* Dennis's *to guide them; or, at least, they had too much Spirit to be guided by them. Their Works were the first Flight of a lively Imagination; and Poets were looked upon, like other* Englishmen, *born to live and write with Freedom.*

ROBIN

ROBIN HOOD's GARLAND, &c

1. *The Pedigree, Education, and Marriage of* Robin Hood, *with* Clorinda, *Queen of* Titbury Feaſt. *Suppoſed to be related by the Fiddler, who play'd at their Wedding.*

KIND Gentlemen will you be ſilent a while,
Aye, and then you ſhall hear anon,
A very good Ballad of bold Robin Hood,
and of his brave Man Little John.
In Lockſley Town, in merry Nottinghamſhire,
in merry ſweet Lockſley Town.
There bold Robin Hood he was born and bred,
bold Robin of famous Renown.
The Father of Robin a Foreſter was,
and he ſhot with a luſty ſtrong Bow,
Two North Country Miles and an Inch at a Shoot,
as the Pindar of Wakefield does know.
For they brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the (Clough
and William of Cloudelle,
To ſhoot with the Foreſter for forty Marks,
and the Foreſter beat them all three.
His Mother was Niece to the Coventry Knight,
whom Warwickſhire Men call Sir Guy.
For he ſlew the blue Boar that hangs up at his Gate
or my Hoſt at the Bull tells a Lie.
Her Brother was Gamewell, of great Gamewell-Hall,
a noble Houſekeeper was he,
As ever broke Bread in ſweet Nottinghamſhire,
and a 'Squire of famous Degree.
The Mother of Robin ſaid to her Huſband,
my Honey, my Love, and my Dear.

Let

Let Robin and I ride this Morning to Gamewell,
to taſte of my Brother's good Cheer.
And he ſaid I grant thee thy Boon, gentle Joan,
take one of my Horſes I pray;
The Sun is riſing, and therefore make Haſte,
for To-morrow is Chriſtmas Day.
Then Robin Hood's Fathers grey Gelding was brought,
and ſaddled and bridled was he,
God what a blue Bonnet, his new Suit of Cloaths,
and a Cloak that hung down to his Knee.
She got on her Holiday Kirtle and Gown,
they were all of a light Lincoln Green;
The Cloth was home-ſpun, but for Colour & make
it might have beſeemed our Queen.
And then Robin got on his Baſket-hilt Sword,
and a Dagger on the other Side;
And ſaid, my dear Mother, let's haſte to be gone,
we have forty long Miles for to ride.
When Robin had mounted his Gelding ſo grey,
his Father, without any Trouble
Set her up behind him, and bid her not fear,
his Gelding had oft carried double.
And when ſhe was ſettled, they rode to their neighbours
and drank and ſhook hands with 'em all;
And then Robin gallop'd and never gave over,
'till they lighted at Gamewell Hall.
And now you may think the Right worſhipful 'Squire
was joyful his Siſter to ſee;
He kiſs'd her and kiſs'd her, and ſwore a great Oath
thou art welcome kind Siſter to me.
The Morrow when Maſs had been ſaid in the Chapel,
ſix tables were cover'd in the Hall;
And in came the Squire and made a ſhort Speech,
it was, Gentlemen, you're welcome all.
But not a Man here ſhall taſte my March Beer,
till a Chriſtmas Carol he does ſing,
Then all clapt their hands, they ſhouted and ſung,
till the Hall and Parlour did ring.

Now

Now Muſtard and Brawn, Roaſt Beef. and Plumb Pyes,
were ſet upon every Table:
And noble George Gamewell ſaid eat and be merry
and drink as long as you're able.
When Dinner was ended his Chaplain ſaid Grace,
and be merry, my Friends, ſaid the 'Squire;
It rains and it blows, but call for more Ale,
and lay ſome more Wood on the Fire.
And now call ye Little John unto me,
for Little John is a fine Lad,
At Gambols, Jugglings, and twenty ſuch Tricks,
as ſhall make you both merry and glad.
When Little John came, to Gambols they went,
both Gentlemen, Yeomen and Clown,
And what do you think? why, as true as I live,
bold Robin Hood put them all down.
And now you may think the Right Worſhipful 'Squire
was joyful this Sight for to ſee;
For he ſaid, Couſin Robin, thou goeſt no more Home,
but tarry and dwell here with me.
Thou ſhalt have my Land when I die; and till then
thou ſhalt be the Staff of my Age,
Then grant me my Boon, dear Uncle, ſays Robin,
that Little John may be my Page.
And he ſaid, Kind Couſin, I grant thee thy Boon,
with all my Heart, ſo let it be,
Then come hither Little John, ſaid Robin Hood,
come hither my Page unto me.
Go fetch me my Bow, my longeſt Bow,
and broad Arrows one, two, or three;
And when 'tis fair Weather, we'll into Sherwood,
ſome merry Paſtime for to ſee.
When Robin Hood came into merry Sherwood,
he winded his Bugle ſo clear;
And twice five and twenty good Yeomen and bold
before Robin Hood did appear.
Where are your Companions, ſaid bold Robin
for ſtill I want forty and three?

Then ſaid a bold Yeoman, Lo, yonder they ſtand,
all under the Green Wood Tree.
As that Word was ſpoke, Clorinda came by,
the Queen of the Shepherds was ſhe;
And her Gown was of Velvet as green as the graſs,
and her Buſkin did reach to her Knee.
Her Gate it was graceful, her Body was ſtrait,
and her Countenance free from Pride;
A Bow in her Hand, and a Quiver of Arrows,
hung dangling down by her ſweet Side.
Her Eye-brows were black, aye, and ſo was her Hair,
and her Skin was as ſmooth as Glaſs;
Her Viſage ſpoke Wiſdom and Modeſty too,
not with Robin Hood was ſuch a Laſs.
Says Robin Hood, Lady fair, whither away,
O whither fair Lady away?
And ſhe made him Anſwer, to kill a fat Buck,
for To-morrow is Titbury Day.
Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, wander with me
a little to yonder green Bower;
There ſit down to reſt you, and you may be ſure
of a Brace or a Leaſh in an Hour.
And as they were going towards the Green Bower,
two hundred fat Bucks they eſpy'd,
She choſe out the fatteſt that was in the Herd,
and ſhot him through Side and Side.
By the Faith of my Body, ſays bold Robin Hood,
I never ſaw Woman like thee;
And com'ſt thou from Eaſt, or com'ſt thou from Weſt,
thou need'ſt not beg Ven'ſon of me.
However along to my Bower you ſhall go,
and taſte of a Foreſter's Meat,
And when we came there we found as good Cheer
as any Man need for to eat.
For there was hot Veniſon, and Warden Pies cold,
Cream clouted, and Honey-combs plenty;
And the Servitures were, beſides Little John,
good Yeomen at leaſt four and twenty.

Clorinda

Clorinda ſaid, tell me your Name, gentle Sir,
and he ſaid 'tis bold Robin Hood;
'Squire Gamwell's my Uncle, but all my Delight,
is to dwell in merry Sherwood.
For 'tis a fine Life, and void of all Strife;
ſo 'tis, Sir, Clorinda reply'd;
But O! ſaid bold Robin, how ſweet would it be,
if Clorinda would be my ſweet Bride.
She bluſh'd at the Motion, yet after a Pauſe,
ſaid yes, Sir, and with all my Heart,
Then let us ſend for a Prieſt, ſaid Robin Hood,
and be married before we do part,
But ſhe ſaid, it may not be ſo, gentle Sir,
for I muſt be at Titbury Feaſt:
And if Robin Hood will go thither with me,
I'll make him a moſt welcome Gueſt.
Said Robin Hood reach me that Buck, Little John
for I'll go along with my Dear;
And bid my Yeomen kill ſix Brace of Bucks,
and meet me To-morrow, juſt here.
Before we had gone five Staffordſhire Miles,
eight Yeomen that were too bold,
Bid Robin Hood ſtand and deliver his Buck,
a truer Tale never was told.
I will not, Faith, ſaid bold Robin: Come, John,
ſtand by me, and we'll beat them all;
Then both drew their Swords, and ſo cut 'em and
that five out of the eight did fall. (ſlaſh'd 'em,
The three that remained call'd to Robin for Quar-
and pitiful John beg'd their Lives; (ter,
When John's Boon was granted he gave them good
and ſent them Home to their Wives. (Council,
This Battle was fought near Titbury Town.
when the Bagpipes baited the Bull;
I'm King of the Fiddlers, and I ſwear 'tis Truth,
and I call him that denies it a Gull.
For I ſaw them Fighting, and Fiddled the While,
and Clorinda ſung, Hey derry down;

The Bumpkins are beaten put up thy Sword, Bob
and now let's dance into the Town.
Before we came in we heard a ſtrange Shouting,
and all that were in it looked madly;
For ſome were a Bull-back, ſome dancing a Mor-
and ſome ſinging Arthur o'Bradley. (rice,
And there we ſaw Thomas our Juſtice's Clerk,
and Mary to whom he was kind;
For Tom rode before her, and call'd Mary Madam
and kiſſed her full ſweetly behind.
And ſo may your Worſhips; but we went to Din-
with Thomas and Mary, and Nan, (ner,
They all drank a Health to Clorinda, and told her
bold Robin Hood was a fine Man.
When Dinner was ended, Sir Roger the Parſon
of Dunbridge, was ſent for in Haſte;
He brought his Maſs-book, & bid them take hands
and he join'd them in Marriage full faſt.
And then as bold Robin Hood and his Bride,
went Hand in Hand to the Green Bower,
The Birds ſung with Pleaſure in merry Sherwood,
and 'twas a moſt joyful Hour.
And when Robin Hood came in ſight of the bower
where are my Yeomen? ſaid he,
And Little John anſwered, lo, yonder they ſtand
all under the Green Wood Tree.
Then a Garland they brought her by two and by
and plac'd it all on the Bride's Head, (two
The Muſic ſtruck up, and we all fell a Dancing,
till the Bride and Bridegroom were in Bed.
And what they did there muſt be Counſel to me,
becauſe they lay long the next Day;
And I made Haſte Home; but I got a good Piece
of the Bride Cake, and ſo came away.
Now out, alas! I had forgotten to tell ye,
that Married they were with a Ring;
And ſo will Nan Knight, or lie buried a Maiden:
and now let us pray for the King.

That

That he may get Children, and they may get more
to govern and do us ſome good;
And then I'll make ballads in Robin Hood's bower
and ſing them in merry Sherwood.

2. *Robin Hood's Progreſs to Nottingham, in which he ſlew Fifteen Foreſters.*

To the Tune of, *Bold Robin Hood, &c.*

ROBIN HOOD was a tall young Man,
Derry, derry down,
of fifteen Winters old;
And Robin Hood was a proper young Man,
of Courage ſtout and bold.
Hey down, derry down.
Robin Hood went unto fair Nottingham,
with the Generals for to dine;
There was he aware of Fifteen Foreſters,
drinking Beer, Ale, and Wine.
What News, what News, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
what News fain would'ſt thou know?
Our King hath provided a Shooting Match,
and I am ready with my Bow.
We hold it in Scorn, ſaid the fifteen Foreſters,
that ever a Boy ſo young,
Should bear a Bow before our King,
that's not able to draw one String.
I'll hold you twenty Marks ſaid bold Robin Hood
by the Leave of our Lady,
That I'll hit the Mark an hundred Rood,
and I'll cauſe an Hart to die.
We'll hold you twenty Marks, ſaid the Foreſters,
by the Leave of our Lady,
Thou hits not the Mark an hundred Rood,
nor cauſe the Hart to die.
Robin Hood bent his noble good Bow,
and a broad Arrow he let fly,

He hit the Mark an hundred Rood,
and cauſed a Hart to die.
Some ſay he broke Ribs one or two,
and ſome ſay he broke three;
The Arrow in the Hart would not abide,
but glanc'd in two or three.
The Hart did ſkip, and the Hart did leap,
and the Hart lay on the Ground;
The Wager's mine, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
if it were for a Thouſand Pound.
The Wager's none of thine ſaid the fifteen Foreſters
altho' thou be in Haſte;
Take up thy Bow and get thee hence,
leſt we thy Sides do baſte.
Robin Hood took up his noble good Bow,
and his broad Arrows all amain;
And Robin being pleas'd, began for to ſmile,
as he went over the Plain.
Then Robin Hood bent his noble good Bow,
and his Arrows he let fly;
Till fourteen of the fifteen Foreſters,
upon the Ground did lie,
He that did the Quarrel firſt begin,
went tripping o'er the Plain;
But Robin Hood bent his noble good Bow,
and fetch'd him back again.
You ſaid I was no Archer, ſaid Robin Hood,
but ſay ſo now again:
With that he ſent another Arrow,
and ſplit his Head in twain.
You have found me an Archer, ſaid Robin Hood,
which will make your Wives to wring,
And wiſh that you had never ſpoke the Word,
that I could not draw one String,
The People that lived in fair Nottingham,
came running out amain,
Suppoſing to have taken bold Robin Hood,
with the Foreſters that were ſlain.

Some

Some loſt Legs and ſome loſt Arms,
and ſome did loſe their Blood;
But Robin took up his noble good Bow,
and is gone to the merry Green Wood.
They carry'd theſe Foreſters to fair Nottingham,
as many there did know;
They digg'd them Graves in their Church Yard,
and bury'd them all on a Row.

3. *Robin Hood and the jolly Pindar of Wakefield: Shewing how he fought with Robin Hood, Will Scarlet, and Little John, a long Summers Day.*

To an excellent Northern Tune.

IN Wakefield there lives a jolly Pindar,
In Wakefield all on the Green,
in Wakefield all on the Green,
There is neither Knight nor Squire, ſaid the Pindar,
nor Baron ſo bold,
nor Baron ſo bold,
Dare make a Treſpaſs to the Town of Wakefield,
but his Pledge goes to the Pinfold,
but his Pledge goes to the Pinfold.
All this was heard by three witty young Men,
'twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John,
With that they eſpy'd the jolly Pindar,
as he ſat under a Thorn.
Now turn again, turn again, ſaid the Pindar,
for a wrong Way you have gone;
For you have forſaken the King's Highway,
and made a Path over the Corn.
O that were a great Shame, ſaid jolly Robin,
we being three and thou but one;
The Pindar leap'd back then thirty good Foot,
'twas thirty good Foot and one.
He lean'd his Back faſt unto a Tree,
and his Foot againſt a Thorn,
And there he fought a long Summer's Day,
and a Summer's Day ſo long.

Till their Swords on their broad Bucklers,
were broken close to their Hands.
Hold thy Hand, hold thy Hand, said bold Robin Hood,
and my merry Men every one;
For this is one of the best Pindars,
that ever I try'd with a Sword.
And wilt thou not forsake thy Pindar's Craft,
and live in the Green Wood with me?
At Michaelmas next my Covenant comes out,
when every Man gathers his Fee;
Then I'll take my blue Blade in my Hand,
and plod to the Green Wood with thee.
Hast thou either Meat or Drink, said Robin Hood,
for my merry Men and me.
I have both Bread and Beef, said the Pinder,
and good Ale of the best;
And that's Meat good enough, said Robin Hood,
for such unbidden Guests.
O! wilt thou forsake thy Pindar's Craft,
and go to the Green Wood with me?
Thou shalt have a Livery twice in the Year,
one Green and the other Brown shall be.
If Michaelmas Day was come and gone,
and my Master had paid me my Fee;
Then would I set as little by him,
as my Master does by me.

4. *Robin Hood and the Bishop; Shewing how Robin went to an old Woman's House, and changed Cloaths with her, to escape from the Bishop: and how he robbed him of his Gold, and made him sing Mass.*

Tune of, *Robin Hood and the Stranger.*

COME Gentlemen all, and listen a while,
With a hey down, down, and a down,
and a Story to you I'll unfold;
I'll tell you how Robin Hood served the Bishop,
when he robb'd him of all his Gold.

As

As it fell out one Sun-shining Day,
when Phœbus was in his Prime,
Bold Robin Hood that Archer good,
in Mirth would ſpend his Time.
And as he was walking the Foreſt along;
ſome Paſtime for to 'ſpy,
There was he aware of a proud Biſhop,
and all his Company.
O, what ſhall I do, ſaid Robin Hood then,
if the Biſhop he does take me?
No Mercy he'll ſhew unto me, I know,
therefore away I will flee.
Then Robin was ſtout, and turn'd him about,
and a little Houſe there did he 'ſpy;
And to an old Wife, to ſave his Life,
he aloud began to cry.
Why, who art thou? ſaid the old Woman,
come tell it me for good;
I am an Outlaw, as many do know,
and my Name is Robin Hood.
And yonder's the Biſhop and all his Men;
and if that I taken be,
Then Day and Night he'll work me Spite,
and hanged I ſhall be.
If thou be bold Robin Hood, ſaid the old Woman,
as thou doſt ſeem to be;
I'll for thee provide thy Perſon to hide,
from the Biſhop and his Company.
For I remember one Saturday Night,
thou brought'ſt me both Shoes and Hoſe,
Therefore I'll provide thy Perſon to hide,
and keep thee from thy Foes.
Then give me ſoon thy Coat of Grey,
and take thou my Mantle of Green;
Thy Spindle and Twine unto me reſign,
and take thou my Arrows ſo keen.
And when that Robin Hood was thus array'd,
he went ſtraight to his Company;

With

With his Spindle and Twine he oft look'd behind,
for the Biſhop and his Company.
O who is yonder quoth Little John,
that now comes over the Lee?
An Arrow at her I will let fly,
ſo like an old Witch looks ſhe.
O hold thy Hand hold thy Hand, ſaid Robin Hood
and ſhoot not thy Arrow ſo keen;
I am Robin Hood, thy Maſter good,
as quickly ſhall be ſeen.
The Biſhop he came to the old Woman's Houſe,
and he called with furious Mood;
Come let me ſee, and bring unto me.
that Traitor Robin Hood.
The Old Woman ſhe ſat on a Milk-white Steed,
himſelf on a Dapple-grey;
And for Joy he had got Robin Hood,
he went laughing all the Way.
But as they were riding the Foreſt along,
the Biſhop he chanced for to ſee
A hundred brave Bowmen ſtout and bold,
ſtand under the Green Wood Tree.
O who is yonder, the Biſhop then ſaid,
that's ranging within yonder Wood?
Marry, ſays the old Woman I think it be
a Man called Robin Hood,
Why, who art thou, the Biſhop he ſaid,
which I have here with me?
Why, I am a Woman, thou Cuckoldly Biſhop,
lift up my Leg and ſee.
Then Woe is me, the Biſhop he ſaid,
that ever I ſaw this Day!
He turn'd him about, but Robin Hood ſo ſtout,
call'd to him and bid him ſtay.
Then Robin Hood took hold of the Biſhop's Horſe
and ty'd him faſt to a Tree;
Then ſmil'd Little John, his Maſter upon,
for Joy of his Company.

Robin Hood took his Mantle from his Back,
and ſpread it upon the Ground,
And out of the Biſhop's Portmanteau,
he ſoon told five hundred Pounds.
Now let him go, ſaid Robin Hood,
ſaid Little John that may not be;
For I vow and proteſt he ſhall ſing us a Maſs,
before that he goes from me.
Then Robin Hood took the Biſhop by the Hand,
and he bound him faſt to a Tree,
And made him ſing a Maſs, God Wot,
to him and his Yeomendree.
And then they brought him through the Wood,
and ſet him on his Dapple-grey,
And gavé him the Tail within his Hand,
and bid him for Robin Hood pray.

5. *Robin Hood and the Butcher; Shewing how he uſed the Butcher and the Sheriff of Nottingham.*

COme all you brave Gallants and liſten awhile
With a hey down, down, and a down,
that are this Bower within;
For of bold Robin Hood, that Archer good,
a Song I intend to ſing.
Upon a Time it chanced ſo,
bold Robin in the Foreſt did 'ſpy
A jolly Butcher, with a bonny fine Mare,
with his Fleſh to the Market did hie.
Good-morrow, good Fellow, ſaid jolly Robin,
what Food haſt thou, tell unto me?
Thy Trade to me tell, and where thou doſt dwell,
for I like well thy Company.
The Butcher he anſwered jolly Robin,
no Matter where I dwell;
For a Butcher I am, and to Nottingham
I am going, my Fleſh to ſell.
What's the Price of thy Fleſh, ſaid jolly Robin,
come tell it ſoon unto me;
And the Price of thy Mare, be ſhe ever ſo dear,
for a Butcher I fain would be.

The

The Price of my Fleſh, the Butcher reply'd,
I ſoon will tell unto thee ;
With my bonny Mare, and they are not dear,
four Marks thou ſhalt give unto me.
Four Marks I will give thee, ſaid jolly Robin,
four Marks it ſhall be thy Fee ;
The Money come count, and let me mount,
for a Butcher I fain would be.
Now Robin he is to Nottingham gone,
his Butcher's Trade to begin ;
With a good Intent, to the Sheriff's he went,
and there he took up his Inn.
When other Butcher's did open their Shops,
bold Robin he then begun,
But how to ſell, he knew not well,
for a Butcher he was but young.
When other Butchers no Meat could ſell,
Robin he got both Gold and Fee ;
For he ſold more Meat for one Penny,
than others could do for three.
But when he ſold his Meat ſo faſt,
no Butcher by him could thrive ;
For he ſold more Meat for one Penny,
than others could do for five.
Which made the Butchers of Nottingham,
to ſtudy as they did ſtand ;
Saying, ſurely he was ſome Prodigal,
that has ſold his Father's Land.
The Butchers ſtepped up to jolly Robin,
acquainted with him for to be ;
Come, Brother, one ſaid, we be all of one Trade,
come, will you go dine with me ?
Accurs'd be the Heart, ſaid jolly Robin,
that a Butcher will deny.
I will go with you, my Brethren true,
and as faſt as I can hie.
But when to the Sheriff's Houſe they came,
to Dinner they hied apace ;

And Robin Hood he, the Man muſt be,
before them all to ſay Grace.
Pray God bleſs us all, ſaid Robin Hood,
and our Meat within this Place:
A Cup of Sack ſo good, will nouriſh onr Blood,
and ſo I end my Grace.
Come, fill us more Wine, ſaid jolly Robin,
let us be merry while we ſtay;
For Wine and good Cheer, be it never ſo dear,
I vow I the Reckoning will pay.
Come, Brother, be merry, ſaid jolly Robin,
let's drink and never give o'er;
For the Shot I will pay, and not go my Way,
if it coſt me five Pounds or more.
This is a mad Blade, the Butcher then ſaid,
ſays the Sheriff, he's ſome Prodigal,
That ſome Land has ſold for Silver and Gold,
and now doth mean to ſpend it all.
Haſt thou any horn'd Beaſts, the Sheriff then ſaid,
good Fellow, to ſell unto me?
Yes, that I have, good Maſter Sheriff,
I have hundreds two or three.
And an hundred Acres of good free Land,
if you pleaſe it for to ſee;
And I'll make you as good Aſſurance of it,
as ever my Father did me.
The Sheriff he ſaddled his good Palfrey,
and took three hundred Pounds in Gold,
And away he went with bold Robin Hood,
his horned Beaſts to behold.
Away then the Sheriff and Robin did ride
to the Foreſt of merry Sherwood:
Then the Sheriff did ſay, God bleſs us this Day,
from a Man that they call Robin Hood.
But when a little further they came,
bold Robin he chanced to 'ſpy,
An hundred Head of good fat Deer,
come tripping the Sheriff full nigh.

How

How like you my horn'd Beasts, good Master Sheriff?
they be fat and fair to see;
I tell thee, good Fellow, I would I were gone,
for I like not thy Company.
Then Robin put his Horn to his Mouth,
and blew out Blasts three;
Then quickly and anon, there came Little John,
and all his Company.
What is your Will, Master, then said Little John,
I pray come tell unto me?
I have brought hither the Sheriff of Nottingham,
this Day to dine with thee.
He is welcome to me, then said Little John,
I hope he will honestly pay;
I know he has Gold, if it were but told,
will serve us to drink a whole Day.
Then Robin took his Mantle from off his Back,
and laid it upon the Ground;
And out of the Sheriff's Portmanteau he
soon told three hundred Pound.
Then Robin he brought him through the Wood,
and set him on his Dapple-grey;
O have me commended to your Wife at Home;
so Robin went laughing away.

6. *Robin Hood and the Tanner: Or, Robin Hood met with his Match.*

Tune of, *Robin Hood and the Stranger.*

IN Nottingham there lives a jolly Tanner,
with a hey down, down, and a down,
his Name is Arthur a Bland;
There is never a 'Squire in Nottinghamshire,
dare bid bold Arthur stand.
With a long Pike Staff upon his Shoulder,
so well he can clear his Way.

By

By two and by three, he makes them to flee,
for he hath no Liſt to ſtay.
And as he went out in a Summer's Morning,
into the Foreſt of merry Sherwood;
To view the Red Deer that run here and there,
there met he with bold Robin Hood.
As ſoon as bold Robin did him eſpy,
he thought he ſome Sport would make;
Therefore out of Hand, he bid him to ſtand,
and thus unto him he ſpake.
Why, who art thou, bold Fellow,
that rangeſt ſo boldly here?
In Truth, to be brief, thou looks like a Thief,
that comes to ſteal our King's Dear.
For I am a Keeper in this Foreſt,
the King puts me in Truſt,
To look to the Deer that range here and there,
therefore ſtop thee I muſt.
If thou be'ſt a Keeper in this Foreſt,
and haſt ſuch great Command;
Yet thou muſt have more Partakers in Store,
before that thou make me to ſtand.
No, I have no more Partakers in Store,
or any that I do need;
But I have a Staff of another Oak Graft,
I know it will do the Deed.
For thy Sword and thy Bow, I care not a Straw,
and all thy Arrows to boot,
If thou gets a Knock upon thy bare Scop,
thou can'ſt as well ſh—t as ſhoot.
Speak cleanly, good Fellow, ſaid jolly Robin,
and give better Terms unto me;
Elſe thee I'll correct for thy Neglect,
and make thee more mannerly.
Marry-gap with a Wanton, quoth Arthur-a-Bland
art thou ſuch a goodly Man?
I care not a Fig for your looking ſo big,
mend yourſelf wherever you can.

Then

Then Robin Hood unbuckled his Belt,
and laid down his Bow ſo long;
He took up a Staff of another Oak-Graft,
that was both ſtiff and ſtrong.
I yield to thy Weapon, ſaid Jolly Robin,
ſince thou wilt not yield to mine;
For I have a Staff of another Oak Graft,
not half a Foot longer than thine.
But let me meaſure, ſaid jolly Robin,
before we begin the Fray;
For I will not have mine to be longer than thine,
for that will be counted foul play.
I paſs not for length, bold Arthur reply'd.
my Staff is of Oak ſo free;
Eight Foot and a half, it will knock down a Calf,
and I hope it will knock down thee.
Then Robin he could no longer forbear,
but gave him a very good Knock,
But quickly and ſoon the Blood it ran down,
before it was ten o'Clock.
Then Arthur ſoon recovered himſelf,
and gave him a Knock on the Crown;
That from every Side of Robin Hood's Head,
the Blood run trickling down.
Then Robin Hood raged like a wild Boar,
as ſoon as he ſaw his own Blood;
Then Bland was in Haſte, he laid on him ſo faſt,
as if he had been cleaving of Wood.
And about, and about, and about they went,
like two Wild Boars in a Chace:
Striving to aim each other to main,
Leg, Arm, or any other Place,
And Knock for Knock they luſtily fought,
which held two Hours or more;
That all the Wood rang at every Bang,
they ply'd their Work ſo ſore.
Hold thy Hand, ſaid Robin Hood,
and let our Quarrel fall;

For here we may thraſh our Bones to Maſh,
and get no Coin at all.
And in the Foreſt of merry Sherwood,
hereafter thou ſhalt be free;
God ha' Mercy for nought, my Freedom I bought,
I may thank my good Staff, and not thee.
What Tradeſman art thou, ſaid jolly Robin,
good Fellow I prithee me ſhew;
And alſo me tell, in what Place thou doſt dwell,
for theſe Things fain would I know.
I am a Tanner, bold Arthur reply'd,
in Nottingham long have I wrought;
And if thou'lt come there, I vow and ſwear,
I'll tan thy Hide for nought.
God ha' Mercy, good Fellow, ſaid jolly Robin,
ſince thou art ſo kind and free;
And if thou wilt tan my Hide for Nought,
I'll do as much for thee.
And if thou'lt forſake thy Tanning Trade,
to live in the green Wood with me;
My Name's Robin Hood, I ſwear by the Wood,
to give thee both Gold and Fee.
If thou be Robin Hood, bold Arthur reply'd,
as I think well thou art,
Then here's my hand, my Name's Arthur-a-Bland
we two will never part.
But tell me, O tell me, where is Little John,
of him fain would I hear;
For we are ally'd by the Mother's Side,
and he is my Kinſman dear.
Then Robin Hood blew on his Bugle horn,
he blew both loud and ſhrill;
And quickly anon, he ſaw Little John,
come tripping down a Green hill
O! what is the Matter, then ſaid Little John,
Maſter, I pray you tell?
Why do you ſtand with your Staff in your hand?
I fear all is not well.

O Man,

O Man I do ſtand, and he makes me to ſtand,
the Tanner that ſtands by my Side:
He is a bonny Blade, and Maſter of his Trade,
for he has ſoundly tann'd my Hide.
He is to be commended, then ſaid Little John,
if he ſuch a Feat can do;
If he be ſo ſtout, we will have a Bout,
and he ſhall tan my Hide too,
Hold thy Hand hold thy Hand, ſaid Robin Hood,
for as I do underſtand,
He's a Yeomen good, and of thy own Blood,
for his Name is Arthur-a-Bland.
Then Little John threw his Staff away,
as far as he could fling;
And ran out of Hand to Arthur a Bland,
and about his Neck did cling.
With loving Reſpect, there was no neglect,
they were neither nice nor coy;
Each other did Face with a lovely Grace,
and both did weep for Joy.
Then Robin Hood took them by the Hands,
and danced about the Oak Tree;
For three merry Men, and three merry Men,
and three merry Men we be.
And ever after, as long as we live,
we three will be as one;
The wood it ſhall ring, and the old Wife ſhall ſing
of Robin Hood, Arthur, and John.

7. *Robin Hood reſcuing the three 'Squires from Nottingham Gallows.*

BOLD Robin Hood ranged the Foreſt all round
the Foreſt all round rang'd he:
O there did he meet with a gay Lady.
ſhe came weeping along the Highway,
Why weep you why weep you bold Robin he ſaid
what weep you for Gold or Fee?

Or

Or do you weep for your Maidenhead,
that is taken from your Body?
I weep not for Gold, this Lady reply'd,
Neither do I weep for Fee,
Nor do I weep for my Maidenhead,
that is taken from my Body.
What weep you for then, ſaid jolly Robin,
I prithee come tell unto me,
Oh! I do weep for my three Sons,
for they are condemned to die.
What Church have they robbed, ſaid jolly Robin,
or Pariſh Prieſt have they ſlain,
What Maids have they forced againſt their Will,
or with other Mens' Wives have they lain?
No church have they robbed this Lady reply'd,
nor Pariſh Prieſt have they ſlain,
No Maids they have forced againſt their Will.
nor with other Mens' Wives have they lain.
What have they done then, ſaid jolly Robin,
come tell me moſt ſpeedily;
Oh! it's all for killing the King's Fallow Deer,
and they're all condemned to die.
Get you Home, get you Home, ſaid jolly Robin,
get you Home moſt ſpeedily,
And I will then to fair Nottingham go,
for the Sake of the 'Squires all three.
Then Robin Hood to Nottingham goes,
for Nottingham Town goes he,
Oh! there did he meet with a poor Beggar Man,
he came creeping along the Highway.
What News, what News, thou old Beggar Man,
What News come tell unto me?
Oh! there is weeping and wailing in fair Notting-
for the Death of the 'Squires all three. (ham,
This Beggar Man had a Coat on his Back,
it was neither Green, Yellow, or Red,
Bold Robin Hood thought it was no Diſgrace,
to be in the Beggar Man's Stead

Come, pull of thy Coat, you old Beggar Man,
and you ſhall put on mine;
And Forty good Shillings I'll give you to Boot,
beſides Brandy, good Beer, Ale and Wine.
Bold Robin Hood then to Nottingham came,
unto Nottingham Town came he;
And there did he meet with great Maſter Sheriff,
aye, and likewiſe the 'Squires all three.
One Boon, one Boon, ſays Jolly Robin,
one Boon I beg upon my Knee;
That as for the Deaths of the three 'Squires,
their Hangman I may be.
Soon granted, ſoon granted, ſays Maſter Sheriff,
ſoon grant it I will unto thee;
And you ſhall have all their gay Clothing,
and all their white Money.
O, I'll have none of their gay Clothing,
nor none of their white Money,
But I'll have three Blaſts of my Bugle Horn,
that their Souls to Heaven may flee.
Then Robin Hood mounted the Gallows ſo high,
where he blew both loud and ſhrill,
Till an hundred and ten of Robin Hood's Men,
came marching all down the Green Hill.
Whoſe Men are all theſe, ſays great Maſter Sheriff
whoſe Men are they, tell unto me?
O they are all mine, but none of thine,
and they're come for the 'Squires all three.
O take them, O take them, ſays great Maſter She-
O take them along with thee; (riff,
For there's never a Man in all Nottingham,
that can do the like of thee.

8. *Robin Hood and the Jolly Tinker.*
Tune of, In Summer Time

IN Summer Time when Leaves grow green,
down, a down, a down,

And Birds ſing on every Tree,
hey down, a down, a down;
Robin Hood went to Nottingham,
down, a down, a down,
As faſt as he could dree,
hey down, a down, a down.
And as he came to Nottingham,
a Tinker he did meet,
And ſeeing him a luſty Blade,
he did him kindly greet.
Where doſt thou dwell, quoth Robin Hood,
I pray thee now me tell?
Sad News, I hear, there is Abroad,
I fear all is not well,
What is the News, the Tinker ſaid,
tell me without Delay?
I am a Tinker by my Trade,
and do live at Banbury.
As for the News, qnoth Robin Hood,
it is but as I hear,
Two Tinkers were ſet in the Stocks,
for drinking Ale and Beer.
If that be all, the Tinker ſaid,
(as I may ſay to you)
Your law it is not worth a Fart,
ſince that they all be true.
For drinking of good Ale and Beer,
you will not loſe your Part;
No, by my Faith, quoth Robin Hood,
I love it with all my Heart.
What News Abroad, quoth Robin Hood,
tell me, what thou doſt here?
Seing thou goeſt from Town to Town,
ſome News thou need'ſt not fear.
All the News I have, the Tinker ſaid,
I hear it is for good;
It is to ſeek a bold Outlaw,
whom they call Robin Hood.

I have a Warrant from the King,
to take him where I can;
If thou canſt tell me where he is,
I will make thee a Man.
The King would give an Hundred Pounds,
that he could but him ſee,
And if thou can but now him get,
It will ſerve thee and me.
Let me ſee the Warrant ſaid Robin Hood,
I'll ſee if it be right;
And I will do the beſt I can,
for to take him this Night.
That I will not the Tinker ſaid,
none with it will I truſt,
And where he is if you'll not tell,
take him by Force I muſt.
But Robin Hood perceiving well,
how then the Game would go,
If you will go to Nottingham,
we ſhall find him I know.
A Crab-tree Staff the Tinker had,
which was both good and ſtrong,
Robin he had a good ſtrong blade,
and ſo they went both along.
And when they came to Nottingham,
there they took up their Inn,
And they called for Ale and Wine,
to drink it was no Sin.
But Ale and Wine they drank ſo faſt,
that the Tinker he forgot,
What thing he was about to do,
it fell ſo to his Lot.
That while the Tinker was aſleep,
Robin made haſte away,
And left the Tinker in the Lurch,
all the great Shot to pay.
But when the Tinker did awake,
and ſaw that he was gone;

He called out then for the Hoſt,
and thus he made his moan,
I had a Warrant from the King,
that might have done me good,
It was to ſeek a bold Outlaw,
ſome call him Robin Hood.
But now the Warrant and Money is gone,
nothing I have to pay;
And he that promis'd to be my Friend,
is gone and fled away.
That Friend you ſpeak of, ſaid the Hoſt,
they call him Robin Hood;
And when he firſt met with you,
he meant you little good.
Had I but known it had been he,
when that I had him here,
The one of us ſhould have tried our Might,
which ſhould have paid, full ſore.
In the mean Time I will away,
no longer here I'll abide,
But I will go and ſeek him out,
whatever me betide.
But one Thing I would gladly know,
what here I have to pay,
Ten Shillings juſt then ſaid the Hoſt,
I'll pay it without Delay.
Or elſe take here my Working Bag,
and my Hammer too,
And if I light upon the Knave,
I will then ſoon pay you.
The only Way then ſaid the Hoſt,
and not to ſtand in Fear,
Is to ſeek him among the Parks,
killing of the King's Deer.
The Tinker he then went with Speed,
and made then no Delay,
Till he found brave Robin Hood,
that they might have a Fray.

At laſt he 'ſpy'd him in a Park,
hunting then of the Deer.
What Knave is that, quoth Robin Hood,
that doth come me ſo near?
No Knave, no Knave, the Tinker ſaid,
and that you ſoon ſhall know;
Whether of us have done any Wrong,
my Crab-Tree Staff ſhall ſhow.
Then Robin he drew his gallant Blade,
made then of truſty Steel;
But the Tinker he laid on ſo faſt,
that he made Robin reel.
Then Robin's Anger did ariſe,
he fought right manfully,
Until he had the Tinker made
then almoſt fit to fly.
When they had laid about again,
and play'd their Weapons faſt;
The Tinker thraſh'd his bones ſo ſore,
that he made him yield at laſt.
A Boon, a Boon, then Robin cry'd,
if thou wilt grant it me;
Before I will do it, the Tinker ſaid,
I'll hang the on a Tree.
But the Tinker looking him about,
Robin his Horn did blow;
Then came unto him Little John,
and Will Scarlet, alſo.
What is the Matter, ſaid Little John,
you ſit in the Highway Side?
Here is a Tinker that ſtands by,
that well has paid my Hide.
That Tinker then, ſaid Little John,
Fain that Blade would I ſee;
And I would try what he can do,
if he'll do as much for me.
But Robin he then wiſh'd them both,
they would the Quarrel ceaſe,

That henceforth we may be as one,
and ever live in Peace,
And for the jovial Tinker's Part,
a Hundred Pounds I'll give,
In a Year for to maintain him on,
as long as he doth live.
In Manhood he is a Mettle Man,
and a Mettle Man by Trade,
I never thought that any Man,
could have made me ſo afraid.
And if he will be one of us
we will take all one Fare;
And whatſoever we do get,
he ſhall have his full Share.
So the Tinker he was content,
with them to go along,
And with them a Part to take;
and ſo I end my Song.

9. *Robin Hood and Allen a Dale; or, the Manner of Robin Hood's reſcuing a Young Lady from an Old Knight, to whom ſhe was going to be married, and reſtoring her to Allen-a-Dale, her former Lover.*
Tune of Robin Hood in the Green Wood.

COME liſten to me you gallants ſo free,
all you that love Mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold Outlaw,
that lived in Nottinghamſhire.
that lived in Nottinghamſhire.
As Robin Hood in the Foreſt ſtood,
all under the Green Wood Tree,
There was he aware of a brave young Man,
as fine as fine might be.
The Youngſter was clothed in Scarlet Red,
in Scarlet fine and gay;
And he did friſk it over the Plain,
and chanted a Roundelay.

As Robin Hood next Morning ſtood,
amongſt the Leaves ſo gay,
There did he ſpy the ſame young Man
come drooping along the Way.
The Scarlet he wore the Day before,
it was caſt clean away;
And every Step he fetch'd a Sigh,
alack and well-a-day!
Then ſtep'd forth brave Little John,
and Midge the Miller's Son,
Which made the young Man bend his Bow,
when he did ſee them come.
Stand off, ſtand off, the young Man ſaid,
what is your Will with me?
You muſt come before our Maſter ſtraight,
under yonder Green-Wood Tree.
And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin aſked him courteouſly,
O haſt thou any Money to ſpare.
for my merry men and me?
I have no money the young Man ſaid,
but five Shillings and a Ring,
And that I have kept this ſeven long Years,
to have it at my Wedding.
Yeſterday I ſhould have married a Maid,
but from me ſhe was ta'en,
And choſen to be an old Knights Delight,
Whereby my poor Heart is ſlain,
What is thy Name then, ſaid Robin Hood,
came tell me without fail?
By the Faith of my Body, then ſaid the young
my Name it is Allen a Dale.
What wilt thou give me ſaid Robin Hood,
in ready Gold or Fee;
To help thee to thy true Love again,
and deliver her unto thee?
I have no Money then quoth the young Man,
no ready Gold or Fee;

But I will ſwear upon a Book,
thy true Servant for to be.
How many Miles is it to thy true Love?
come tell me without any Guile:
By the Faith of my Body then ſaid the young man
it is but five little miles.
Then Robin he haſted over the Plain,
and he did neither ſtint nor lin,
Until he came unto the Church,
where Allen ſhould have kept his Wedding:
What doſt thou here, the Biſhop then ſaid,
I prithee tell unto me?
I am a bold Harper, quoth Robin Hood,
and the beſt in the North Country.
O welcome, O welcome, the Biſhop then ſaid,
that muſic beſt pleaſeth me.
You ſhall have no muſic, quoth Robin Hood,
till the Bride and Bridegroom I ſee,
With that came in a Wealthy Knight,
Who was both grave and old;
And after him a finikin Laſs,
that did ſhine like glittering Gold.
This is not a fit match, quoth bold Robin Hood,
that you do ſeem to make here;
For ſince we are come into the Church,
the Bride ſhall chuſe her own Dear.
Then Robin Hood put his Horn to his mouth,
and blew Blaſts two or three;
Then four and twenty Bowmen bold,
came leaping over the Lee,
And when they came to the Church Yard,
marching all on a Row;
The firſt Man was Allen a Dale,
to give bold Robin his Bow.
This is thy true Love, Robin he ſaid,
young Allen, as I have heard ſay;
And thou ſhalt be married at the ſame Time,
before we depart away.

That ſhall not be, the Biſhop he ſaid,
for thy Word ſhall not ſtand;
They ſhall be three Times aſk'd in the Church.
as the Law is of our Land.
Robin Hood pull'd off the Biſhop's Coat,
and put it upon Little John;
By the Faith of my Body, then Robin he ſaid,
this Cloth doth make thee a Man.
When Little John went to the Chair,
the People began to laugh;
He aſk'd them ſeven Times in the Church,
leſt three Times ſhould not be enough.
Who gives this Maid, ſaid Little John,
quoth Robin, that do I;
And he that takes her from Allen a Dale,
full dearly ſhall her buy.
And thus having ended this merry Wedding,
the Bride ſhe look'd like a Queen;
And ſo they return'd to the merry Green Wood,
amongſt the Leaves ſo green.

10 *Robin Hood and the Shepherd; Shewing how Robin Hood, Little John, and the Shepherd fought a ſore Combat.*

Tune of, Robin Hood and Queen Catharine.

ALL Gentlemen and Yeomen good,
Down, a down, a down,
I wiſh you to draw near;
For a Story of bold Robin Hood,
unto you I will declare.
Down, a down, a down.
As Robin Hood walk'd the foreſt along,
ſome Paſtime for to ſpy;
There was he aware of a jolly Shepherd,
that on the ground did lie.
Ariſe, Ariſe, ſaid jolly Robin,
and now come and let me ſee,
What is in thy Bag and thy Bottle, I ſay,
come, tell it unto me. What's

What's that to thee thou proud Fellow,
tell me as I do ſtand;
What haſt thou to do with my Bottle and Bag?
let me ſee thy Command.
Come, let me taſt of thy Bottle,
or it may breed thee Woe;
The Devil a Drop, thou proud Fellow,
of my Bottle thou ſhalt ſee;
Until thy Valour hath been try'd,
whether thou wilt fight or flee.
What ſhall we fight for, ſaid Robin Hood?
come tell it ſoon unto me;
Here's Twenty Pounds in good Red Gold,
win it, and take it with thee.
The Shepherd he ſtood all in amaze.
and knew not what to ſay:
I have no money, thou proud Fellow,
but Bottle and Bag I'll lay.
I am content, thou Shepherd Swain,
fling them down on the Ground;
But it will breed the mickle Pain,
to win my Twenty Pound.
Come, draw thy Sword thy proud Fellow,
thou ſtandeſt too long to prate;
This Hook of mine ſhall let thee know,
a Coward I do hate.
So they fell to it full hard and ſore,
it was on a Summer's Day;
From ten till four in the Afternoon,
the Shepherd held him in Play.
Robin's Buckler prov'd his chief Defence,
and ſav'd him many a Bang;
For every Blow the Shepherd gave,
made Robin's Sword cry Twang.
Many a ſturdy Blow the Shepherd gave,
and that bold Robin found;
Till the Blood run trickling from his Head,
then he fell to the Ground.

Ariſe, ariſe, thou proud Fellow,
and thou ſhalt have fair Play,
If thou wilt yield before thou go,
that I have won the Day,
A Boon, a Boon, ſaid bold Robin,
if that a Man thou be,
Then let me take my Bugle Horn,
and blow out Blaſts three,
Then ſaid the Shepherd to bold Robin,
to that I will agree:
For if thou ſhould'ſt blow till to-morrow morn,
I ſcorn one Foot to flee.
Then Robin he ſet his Horn to his Mouth,
and he blew with Might and Main,
Until he eſpy'd little John,
come tripping over the plain.
Who is yonder, thou proud Fellow,
that comes down yonder Hill?
Yonder is John, bold Robin Hood's Man,
ſhall fight with thee thy Fill.
What is the Matter, ſaid little John,
Maſter, come tell unto me,
My Caſe is bad, ſaid Robin Hood,
for the Shepherd hath conquer'd me.
I am glad of that cries Little John,
Shepherd, turn thou to me;
For a Bout with thee I mean to have,
either come fight or flee.
With all my Heart, thou proud Fellow,
for it never ſhall be ſaid,
That a Shepherd's Hook, at thy ſturdy Look,
will on jot be d ſmay'd.
So they fell to it full hard and ſore,
ſtriving for Victory:
I'll know, ſays John, e'er we give o'er
whether thou wilt fight or flee.
The Shepherd gave John a ſturdy Blow,
with his Hook upon his Chin;

Beſhrew

Beſhrew thy Heart, ſaid Little John.
thou baſely doſt begin.
Nay, that is nothing, ſaid the Shepherd,
either yield to me the Day,
Or I will bang thy Back and Sides,
before thou goeſt thy Way.
What do'ſt thou think, thou proud Fellow.
that thou can'ſt conquer me,
Nay, thou ſhalt know before thou go,
I'll fight before I'll flee.
Again the Shepherd laid on him,
the Shepherd he begun;
Hold thy Hand, cry'd Jolly Robin,
I will yield the Wager won.
With all my Heart, ſaid Little John,
to that I will agree;
For he is the Flower of Shepherd Swains,
the like I ne'er did ſee.
Thus have you heard of Robin Hood.
alſo of Little John;
How a Shepherd Swain did conquer them,
the like was never known,

11. *The famous Battle between Robin Hood, and the Curtal Friar, near Fountain Dale.*

To a Northern Tune.

IN the Summer Time, when Leaves grow green,
and Flowers are freſh and gay;
Robin Hood and his merry men,
Were all diſpoſed to play.
Then ſome would leap, and ſome would run,
and would uſe Artillery;
Which of you can a good Bow draw,
a good Archer to be.
Which of you can kill a Buck?
or who can kill a Doe?

Or who can kill an Hart of Greece,
five hundred Foot him fro?
Will Scarlet he did kill a Buck,
and Midge he kill'd a Doe;
And Little John killed an Hart of Greece,
five hundred Foot him fro.
God's Bleſſing on thy Heart, ſaid Robin Hood,
that ſhot ſuch a Shot for me;
I would ride my Horſe an hundred Miles,
to find one to match thee.
That cauſed Will Scarlet to laugh,
he laugh'd full heartily;
There's lives a Fryar in Fountain Abbey,
will beat both him and thee.
The Curtal Fryar in Fountain Abbey,
well can draw a good ſtrong Bow,
He will beat you and your Yeomen,
ſet them all on a Row.
Robin Hood took a ſolemn Oath,
it was by Mary Free,
That he would neither eat nor drink,
till the Fryar he did ſee.
Robin Hood put on his Harneſs good,
and on his Head a Cap of Steel.
Broad Sword and Buckler by his Side,
and they became him well.
He took his Bow into his Hand,
it was of a truſty Tree;
With a Sheaf of Arrows by his Side,
and to Fountain Dale went he.
And coming to fair Fountain Dale,
no further would he ride;
There was he aware of a Curtal Fryar;
walking by the Water Side.
The Fryar had a Harneſs good,
and on his Head a Cap of Steel,
Broad Sword and Buckler by his Side,
and they became him well.

Robin Hood lighted from of his Horſe,
and ty'd him to a thorn;
Carry me over the Water, thou curtal Fryar,
or elſe thy Life's forlorn."
The Fryar took Robin Hood on his Back,
deep Water he did beſtride;
And ſpake neither good Word nor bad,
till he came to the other Side.
Lightly leap'd Robin of the Friar's Back,
the Friar ſaid to him again,
Carry me over the Water, fine Fellow,
or it ſhall breed thee pain.
Robin Hood took the Friar on his Back,
deep Water he did beſtride;
And ſpoke neither good nor bad,
till he came to the other Side.
Lightly leap'd the Friar off Robin Hood's Back,
Robin Hood ſaid to him again,
Carry me over the Water, thou curtal Friar,
or it ſhall breed thee Pain.
The Friar he took Robin Hood on his Back again,
and ſtep'd up to his Knee,
Till he came to the Middle of the Stream,
neither good nor bad ſpoke he;
And coming to the Middle of the Stream,
there he threw Robin in;
And chuſe thee, chuſe thee, fine Fellow,
whether thou wilt ſink or ſwim.
Robin Hood ſwam to a Buſh of Broom,
the Friar to the Willow-Wand;
Bold Robin Hood he got to the Shore,
and took his Bow in his Hand.
One of the beſt Arrows under his Belt,
to the Fryar he let fly:
The Curtal Fryar with his Steel Buckler,
did put his Arrow by.
Shoot on, ſhoot on, thou fine Fellow,
ſhoot as thou haſt begun;

If thou ſhoot here a Summer's Day,
thy Mark I will not ſhun.
Robin Hood ſhot ſo paſſing well,
till his Arrows all were gone;
They took their Swords and Steel Bucklers,
they fought with Might and Main,
From ten o'Clock that very Day,
till four in the Afternoon;
Then Robin Hood came on his Knees,
of the Fryar to beg a Boon,
A Boon, a Boon, thou Curtal Fryar,
I beg it on my Knee;
Give me Leave to ſet my Horn to my Mouth,
and to blow Blaſts three,
That I will do, ſaid the Curtal Fryar,
of thy Blaſts I have no Doubt;
I hope thou wilt blow ſo paſſing well,
till both thy Eyes drop out.
Robin Hood ſet his Horn to his Mouth,
and he blew out Blaſts three;
Half a hundred Yeomen with their Bows bent,
came ranging over the Lee.
Whoſe Men are theſe, ſaid the Fryar,
that come ſo haſtily?
Theſe are mine, ſaid Robin Hood,
Fryar, what's that to thee?
A Boon, a Boon, ſaid the Curtal Fryar,
the like I gave to thee;
Give me Leave to ſet my Fiſt to my Mouth,
And whute Whutes three.
That I will do, ſaid Robin Hood,
or elſe I were to blame;
Three Whutes in a Fryar's Fiſt,
would make me glad and fain.
The Fryar he ſet his Fiſt to his Mouth,
and he whuted him Whutes three;
Half a hundred good Bay Dogs,
came running over the Lee.

Here is for every Man a Dog,
and I myſelf for thee:
Nay, by my Faith, ſaid Robin Hood,
Fryar, that may not be.
Two Dogs at once to Robin did go,
the one behind, and the other before;
Robin Hood's Mantle of Lincoln Green,
off from his Back they tore.
And whether his Men ſhot Eaſt or Weſt,
or they ſhot North or South,
The Curtal Dogs, ſo taught they were,
they caught their Arrows in their Mouth.
Take off thy Dogs, ſaid Little John,
Fryar at my bidding thee:
Whoſe man art thou, ſaid the Curtal Friar,
that comes here to prate to me?
I am Little John, Robin Hood's Man,
Fryar, I will not lie;
If thou take not up thy Dogs anon,
I'll take them up and thee.
Little John had a Bow in his Hand,
he ſhot with Might and Main;
Soon half a Score of the Fryar's Dogs,
lay dead upon the Plain.
Hold thy Hand, good Fellow, ſaid the Curtal Fryar,
thy Maſter and I will agree;
And we will have new Orders taken,
with all Haſte that may be.
If thou wilt forſake fair Fountain Dale,
and Fountain Abbey free,
Every Sunday throughout the Year,
A Noble ſhall be thy Fee.
Every Sunday throughout the Year,
changed ſhall thy Garment be,
If thou wilt to fair Nottingham go,
and there remain with me.
The Curtal Fryar had kept Fountain-Dale
ſeven long Years and more;

There was neither Knight, Lord, or Earl,
could make him yield before.

12. *Robin Hood newly revived; or, his meeting and his Fighting his Couſin Scarlet.*
To a new Tune.

COME liſten awhile, you Gentlemen all,
With a hey down, down, and a down,
that are this Bower within;
For a Story of gallant Robin Hood,
I purpoſe now to begin,
What Time of the Day, quoth Robin Hood?
quoth Little John 'tis in the Prime;
Why then we will to the Green Wood gang,
for we have no Victuals to dine.
As Robin Hood walk'd the Foreſt along,
it was in the midſt of the Day;
There was he aware of a Deft young Man,
as ever walk'd on the Way.
His Doublet was of Silk 'tis ſaid,
his Stockings like Scarlet ſhone;
And bravely he walked on the Way,
to Robin Hood then unknown.
A Herd of Deer was in the Bend,
all feeding before his Face;
Now the beſt of you I'll have to my Dinner,
and that in a little Space.
Now the Stranger he had no mickle ado,
but he bent a right good Bow;
And the beſt of all the Herd he ſlew,
full forty Yards him fro.
Well ſhot, well ſhot, ſaid Robin Hood then,
that Shot was ſhot in Time;
And if thou wilt accept of the Place,
thou ſhalt be a bold Yeomen of mine.
Go play the Chiven, the Stranger then ſaid,
make Haſte, and quickly go;

Or with my Fiſt, be ſure of this,
I'll give thee Buffets ſore.
Thou had'ſt not beſt buffet me quoth Robin Hood,
for altho I' am forlorn,
Yet I have ſome will take my Part:
if I do but blow my Horn.
Thou had'ſt not beſt wind thy Horn, the Stranger ſaid,
be thou never ſo much in Haſte!
For I can draw a good broad Sword,
and quickly cut the Blaſt.
Then Robin Hood bent a very good Bow,
to ſhoot, and that he would fain;
The Stranger bent a very good Bow,
to ſhoot at bold Robin again:
O hold thy Hand, hold thy Hand, quoth Robin,
to ſhoot it would be in vain;
For if we ſhoot the one at the other,
the one of us muſt be ſlain,
But let's take our Swords and our broad Bucklers,
and gang under yonder Tree;
As I hope to be ſav'd, the Stranger he ſaid,
one Foot I will not flee.
Then Robin Hood lent the Stranger a Blow,
moſt ſcared him out of his Wits;
Thou'lt feel a Blow, the Stranger he ſaid,
that ſhall be better quits.
The Stranger then with a good broad Sword,
hit Robin Hood on the Crown,
That from every hair of bold Robin Hood's Head
the Blood run trickling down.
God a Mercy, good Fellow, quoth Robin Hood then,
and for this thou haſt done!
Tell me, good Fellow what thou art?
tell me where thou doſt won?
The Stranger then anſwered bold Robin Hood,
I'll tell thee where I do dwell;
In Maxfield Town I was born and bred,
my Name is Young Gamwell.

For killing of my Father's Steward,
am forced to this Engliſh Wood,
And for to ſeek un Uncle of mine,
ſome call him Robin Hood.
But art thou a Couſin of Robin Hood's
the ſooner we ſhould have done:
As I hope to be ſav'd, the Stranger then ſaid,
I am his own Siſter's Son.
But Lord! what kiſſing and courting was there,
when theſe two Couſins did meet?
And they went all that Summer's Day,
and Litle John did not meet.
But when they met with Little John,
he unto him did ſay,
O Maſter, pray where have you been,
you have tarry'd ſo long away?
I met with a Stranger, quoth Robin Hood then,
full ſore has he beaten me;
Then I'll have a Bout with him quoth Little John,
and try if he can beat me.
O no, O no, quoth Robin Hood then,
Little John, it muſt not be ſo;
For he is my own Siſter's Son,
and Couſins I have no more,
But he ſhall be a bold Yeoman of mine,
my chief Man next to thee;
And I Robin Hood, and thou Little John,
and Scarlet he ſhall be,
And we'll be three of the braveſt Outlaws,
that are in the North Country.
If thou'lt hear any more of bold Robin Hood,
in the ſecond Part it will be.
Then bold Robin Hood to the North he would go,
with valour and mickle Might;
With ſword by his Side, which oft had been try'd,
to fight and recover his Right.
The firſt he met was a bonny bold Scot,
his Servant he ſaid he would be;

No,

No, quoth bold Robin Hood, ſt cannot be good,
for thou wilt prove falſe unto me.
Thou haſt not been true to Sire nor Cuz;
nay, marry, the Scot he ſaid,
As true as your Heart, I'll never part,
good maſter be not afraid.
Then Robin Hood turn'd his Face to the Eaſt,
fight on my merry man ſtout;
Our Caſe is good, ſaid brave Robin Hood,
and we ſhall not be beaten out.
The Battle grows hot on every Side,
the Scotchman made great moan;
Quoth Jockey, Geud Faith, they fight on each ſide
would I were with my Wife Joan.
The Enemy compaſs'd brave Robin about,
'tis long e'er the Battle ends;
There's neither will yield, nor give up the Field,
ſo both are ſupplied with Friends.
This Song it was made in Robin Hood's Days,
let's pray unto Jove above,
To give us true Peace, that miſchief may ceaſe,
and War may give Peace unto love.

13. *Renowned Robin Hood; Or, his famous Archery truely related, in the worthy Exploits he performed before Queen Catharine.*

To a new Tune.

GOLD taken from the King's Harbingers,
Down, a down, a down,
as ſeldom has been ſeen, Down, &c.
And carried by bold Robin,
for a Preſent to the Queen, Down, &c.
If that I live one Year to an End.
thus did Queen Catharine ſay,
Bold Robin Hood I'll be thy Friend,
and all thy Yeomen gay.
The Queen is to her Chamber gone,
as faſt as ſhe could wend;

She calls unto her lovely Page,
his Name was Richard Parington.
Come hither to me thou lovely Page,
come thou hither unto me;
For thou muſt poſt unto Nottingham,
as faſt as thou can'ſt dree.
And as thou goeſt to Nottingham,
ſearch all thoſe Engliſh Woods,
Enquire of one good Yeomen or another,
that can tell thee of Robin Hood.
Sometimes he went, ſometimes he ran,
as faſt as he could wen,
And when he came to Nottingham,
he there took up his Inn.
He called for a Bottle of Rheniſh Wine,
and drinks a Health to the Queen,
Wiſhing he might now ſpeedily,
find out jolly Robin.
There ſat a Yeomen by his Side,
Who ſaid, ſweet Page, tell me,
What is thy Buſineſs, or thy Cauſe,
ſo far in the North Country?
This is my Buſineſs and my Cauſe,
Sir, I'll tell it you for good,
To enquireof one good Yeomen or another,
to tell me of Robin Hood.
I'll get my Horſe betimes in the Morn,
be it by Break of Day;
And I will ſhew thee Robin Hood,
and all his Yeomen gay.
When he came Robin Hood before,
he fell down on his Knee:
Queen Catharine ſhe does greet you well,
She greets you well by me.
She bids you poſt to fair London Town,
not fearing any Thing:
For there ſhall be a little Sport:
And ſhe hath ſent you a Ring.

Robin

Robin Hood took his Mantle from his Back,
it was of Lincoln Green,
And ſent it by his lovely Page,
for a Preſent to the Queen.
In Summer Time when Leaves grow green,
it was a ſeemly Sight to ſee,
How Robin Hood had dreſs'd himſelf,
and all his Yeomendree.
He cloth'd his Men in Lincoln Green,
and himſelf in Scarlet Red,
Black Hats, white Feathers, all alike,
now bold Robin Hood is rid,
And when he came to London Court,
he fell down on his Knee:
Thou art welcome, Robin, ſaid the Queen,
and all thy Yeomendree.
Come hither, Topus, ſaid the King,
Bow-bearer after me;
Come meaſure me out with this Line,
how long our Mark muſt be.
What is the Wager? ſaid the Queen,
that I muſt now hear;
Three hundred Ton of Rheniſh Wine,
three hundred Ton of Beer:
Three hundred of the fatteſt Harts,
that run on Dallum Lee:
That's a princely Wager, ſaid the Queen,
that I muſt needs tell thee.
With that beſpoke one Clifton then,
full quickly and full ſoon,
Meaſure no Mark for us, moſt Sov'reign Leige,
we'll ſhoot at Sun and Moon.
Full fifteen Score your Mark ſhall be,
full fifteen Score ſhall ſtand;
I'll lay my Bow ſaid Clifton then,
I'll cleave the Willow Wand.
With that the Kings Archers led about,
till it was three to none;

With that the ladies began to ſtout,
Madam, your Game is gone.
A Boon, a Boon, Queen Catharine cries,
I crave it on my Knee;
Is there ever a Knight of your Privy-Council,
on Queen Catharine's Side will be?
Come hither to me, Sir Richard Lee,
thou art a Knight full good;
For I do know thy Pedigree,
thou ſprang'ſt from Gower's Blood.
Come hither to me, thou Biſhop of Herefordſhire,
for a noble Prieſt was he:
By my Silver Mitre, ſaid the Biſhop,
I'll not bet one Penny.
The King has Archers of his own,
full ready and full right;
And theſe be Strangers every one,
no Man knows what they height.
What wilt thou bet, ſaid Robin Hood,
thou ſee'ſt our Game the worſe;
By my Silver Mitre, ſaid the Biſhop,
all the Money within my Purſe.
What is in thy Purſe, ſaid Robin Hood?
throw it on the Ground;
Ninety-nine Angels, ſaid the Biſhop,
it's near to fifty Pound.
Robin Hood took his Bag from his Side,
and threw it on the Green;
Will. Scarlet then went ſmiling away,
I know who this Money muſt win.
With that the King's Archers laid about,
while it was three to three;
With that the Ladies gave a Shout,
Woodcock, beware thy Knee.
It is three to three now, ſaid the King,
the next three pay for all;
Robin Hood went and wiſper'd the Queen,
the King's Part ſhall be but ſmall.

Then Robin Hood did lead about,
he ſhot it under Hand,
And Clifton with a bearing Arrow,
he clove the Willow Wand
And Little Midge the Miller's Son,
he ſhot not much the worſe;
He ſhot within a Finger of the Prick;
now Biſhop beware of your Purſe
A Boon a Boon, Queen Catharine cries,
I crave it on my Knee;
That you will angry be with none,
that is of my Party.
They ſhall have forty Days to come,
and forty Days to go;
And three Times forty to ſport and play,
Then welcome Friend or Foe.
Then thou art welcome, Robin Hood, ſaid the Queen,
and ſo is Little John,
And ſo is Midge the Miller's Son,
thrice welcome every one.
Is this Robin Hood? the King then ſaid,
for it was told to me,
That he was ſlain in the Palace-Gate,
ſo far in the North Country.
Is this Robin Hood? quoth the Biſhop then,
as it ſeems well to be;
Had I known it to have been that bold Outlaw,
I would not have bet one Penny.
He took me late one Sunday Night,
and bound me faſt to a Tree;
And made me ſing a Maſs, God wot,
to him and his Yeomendree.
What, and if I did, ſays Robin Hood,
of that Maſs I was full fain;
For Recompence of that, ſays he,
here's half thy Gold again.
Now nay, now nay, ſays Little John,
Maſter that may not be;

We muſt give Gifts to the King's Officers,
that Gold will ſerve thee and me.

14. *Robin Hood and the Golden Arrow.*

WHEN as the Sheriff of Nottingham
was come with mickle Grief;
He talk'd no good of Robin Hood,
that ſtrong and ſturdy Thief. Fal, lal, &c.
So unto London Road he paſs'd,
his Loſſes to unfold,
To King Richard, who did regard,
the Tale that he had told.
Why, quoth the King, what ſhall I do,
art thou not Sheriff for me?
The Law is in Force, go take thy Courſe
of them that injure thee.
Go, get thee gone, and by thyſelf,
Deviſe ſome tricking Game,
For to enthral theſe Rebels all,
go, take thy Courſe with them.
So away the Sheriff he return'd,
and by the Way he thought,
On the Words of the King, and how the Thing
to paſs might well be brought.
For within his Mind, he imagined
that when ſuch Matches were;
Theſe Outlaws ſtout, without all Doubt,
would be the Bowmen there.
So an Arrow with a Golden Head,
and Shaft of Silver white,
Who won the Day, ſhould bear away,
for his own proper Right.
Tidings came to brave Robin Hood,
under the Green Wood Tree;
Come, prepare you then, my merry Men,
we'll go this Sport to ſee.
With that ſtep'd forth a brave young Man,
David of Doncaſter;

Maſ-

Maſter, ſaid he, be rul'd by me,
from the green Wood we'll not ſtir.
To tell the Truth, I'm well inform'd,
this Match is but a Wile;
The Sheriff, I wiſt, deviſes this,
us Archers to beguile.
O thou ſmells of a Coward, ſaid Robin Hood,
thy Words do not pleaſe me;
Come on't what will, I'll try your Skill,
at your brave Archery.
O then beſpoke brave Little John,
come, let us thither gang;
Come liſten to me, how it ſhall be,
that we need not be ken'd
Our Mantles all of Lincoln Green,
behind us we will leave;
We'll dreſs us all ſo ſeveral,
they ſhall not us perceive.
One ſhall wear White, another Red,
one Yellow, and another Blue;
Thus in Diſguiſe, to the Exerciſe
we'll gang whate'er enſue
Forth from the Green Wood they are gone,
with Hearts all firm and ſtout,
Reſolving with the Sheriff's men,
to have a merry Bout.
So themſelves they mixed with the reſt,
to prevent all Suſpicion;
For if they ſhould together hold,
they thought it no Diſcretion.
So the Sheriff look'd round about,
amongſt eight Hundred Men,
But could not ſee the Sight that he,
had long expected then.
Some ſaid, if Robin Hood was here,
and all his Men to boot,
Sure none of them could paſs theſe Men,
ſo bravely they do ſhoot.

Ay,

Ay, quoth the Sheriff, and ſcratch'd his Head
I thought he would have been here,
I thought he would, but tho' he's bold,
he durſt not now appear. Fal, &c
O that Word griev'd Robin to the Heart,
he vexed in his Blood;
Ere long, thou well ſhalt ſee,
that here was Robin Hood.
Some cry'd Blue Jacket, another cry'd Brown,
and the third cry'd brave Yellow,
But the fourth Man ſaid, you Man in Red,
in this Place has no Fellow.
For that was Robin Hood, himſelf,
for he was cloth'd in Red,
At every Shot, the Prize he got,
for he was both ſure and dead.
So the Arrow with the Golden Head,
and Shaft of Silver White;
Brave Robin Hood won, and bore with him,
as his own proper Right,
Theſe Outlaws there, that very Day,
to ſhun all Kinds of Doubt,
By three or four, no leſs nor more,
as they went in came out.
Until they all aſſembled were,
under the Green Wood Shade;
Where they relate in pleaſant Sport,
what brave Paſtime they made.
Says Robin Hood, now all my Care is,
how that the Sheriff may
Know certainly, that it was I,
that bore his Arrow away.
Says Little John my Counſel good,
did take Effect before;
So therefore now, if you'll allow,
I will adviſe once more.
Speak on, ſpeak on, ſaid Robin Hood,
thy Wits both quick and ſound;

I know

I know no man amongſt us can,
for Wit like thee be found.
This I adviſe, then ſaid Little John,
that a Letter it ſhall be penn'd;
And when it is done, to Nottingham,
you it to the Sheriff ſhall ſend.
That's well advis'd, ſaid Robin Hood,
but how muſt it be ſent?
Pugh! when you pleaſe, 'tis done with eaſe,
Maſter, be you content.
I'll ſtick it on my Arrow's Head,
and ſhoot it into the Town.
The Mark ſhall ſhew, where it muſt go,
whenever it light's down.
This Project it was ſoon perform'd:
the Sheriff the Letter had,
Which when he read, he ſcratch'd his Head,
and rav'd like one that's mad.
So we'll leave him chafing in his Greaſe,
which will do him no good;
Now my Friends attend, and hear the End.
of honeſt bold Robin Hood.

15. *Robin Hood's Chaſe; or, a merry Progreſs between Robin Hood and King Henry.*

Tune of, *Robin Hood and the Beggar.*

COME you Gallants all, to you I call,
with a hey down, down, and a down,
that now are in this Place;
For a Song I will ſing of Henry our King,
how bold Robin Hood he did chace.
Queen Catharine ſhe then a Match did make,
as plainly doth appear;
For three hundred Ton of good Red Wine,
and three hundred Ton of Beer.
But ſhe had her Archers to ſeek,
with their Bows and Arrows ſo good,
But her Mind it was bent, with a full Intent,
to ſend for bold Robin Hood.

But when bold Robin he came there,
Queen Catharine ſhe did ſay ;
Thou art welcome Lockley unto me,
and thou on my Part muſt play.
If I miſs the Mark, be it light or dark,
and all my Yeomen gay,
For a Match of Shooting I have made,
then hanged will I be.
But when the Game was to be play'd,
bold Robin won it with Grace ;
But after the King, was angry with him,
and vow'd he would him chace.
What tho' his Pardon granted was,
while he with them did ſtay ;
But yet the King was vex'd at him,
when he was gone away.
Soon after the King from Court did hie,
in a furious angry Mood,
And oft enquir'd both far and near,
after bold Robin Hood.
But when the King to Nottingham came,
bold Robin was in the Wood ;
O come, ſaid he, and let me ſee,
who can find bold Robin Hood.
But when Robin Hood he did hear,
the King had him in Chaſe,
Then ſaid Little John, 'tis Time to be gone,
and that to another Place.
Then away they went from merry Sherwood,
and into Yorkſhire they did hie ;
But the King did follow with a Hoop and a Hollow
but could not come him nigh.
Yet Jolly Robin he paſſed along,
and went to Newcaſtle Town,
And there ſtaid Hours two or three,
and then he for Berwick was bound.
When the King he did ſee, how Robin Hood did flee,
he was vex'd wond'rous ſore ;
With

With a Hoop and a Hollow, he vowed to follow,
and take him, or never give o'er.
Come, now let's away, ſaid Little John,
let any Man follow that dare;
To Carliſle we'll hie with our Company,
and ſo then to Lancaſter.
From Lancaſter then to Cheſter they went,
and ſo did King Henry;
But Robin went away, for he durſt not ſtay,
for fear of ſome Treachery.
Says Robin, let us for fair London go,
to ſee our noble Queen's Face;
It may be ſhe wants our Company,
which makes the King us ſo chace.
When Robin he came Queen Catharine before,
he fell upon his Knee;
If it pleaſe your Grace, I am come to this Place,
to ſpeak with King Henry.
Queen Catharine ſhe anſwered bold Robin again,
the King is gone to merry Sherwood,
And when he went away, to me he did ſay,
he would go and fetch Robin Hood.
Then fare you well, my gracious Queen,
for to Sherwood I will hie apace;
For fain would I ſee what he would have with me
if I could but meet with his Grace.
But when that King Henry he came Home,
full weary and vex'd in Mind;
And when he did hear that Robin had been there,
he blam'd Dame Fortune unkind.
You're welcome Home, Queen Catharine cry'd,
Henry, my Sovereign Leige;
Bold Robin Hood that Archer good,
your Perſon has been to ſeek.
A Boon, a Boon, Queen Catharine cry'd,
I beg it here of your Grace,
To pardon his Life, and ſeek not Strife;
and ſo ends bold Robin Hood's Chace.

16. *Robin Hood's Golden Prize: Shewing how he robbed two Prieſts of* 500*l.*

Tune of, *Robin Hood was a tall young Man, &c.*

I Have heard talk of Robin Hood,
Derry, derry, down,
and of brave little John;
Of Fryar Tuck, and Will Scarlet,
Lockſley, and Maid-marrion.
Hey down, derry down.
But ſuch a Tale as this before,
I think was never known;
For Robin Hood diſguiſed himſelf,
and from the Wood is gone.
Like to a Fryar, bold Robin Hood,
was accoutred in Array;
With Hood, Gown, Beads, and Crucifix,
he paſs'd upon the Way.
He had not gone paſt Miles two or three,
but it was his Chance to 'ſpy,
Two luſty Prieſts clad all in Black,
come riding gallantly.
Benedicite, then ſaid Robin Hood,
ſome Pity on me take;
Croſs you my Hand with a ſingle Groat,
for our dear Lady's Sake.
For I have been wand'ring all this Day,
and nothing could I get;
Not ſo much as one Cup of good Drink,
or Bit of Bread to eat.
By our holy Dame, the Prieſts reply'd,
we never a Penny have;
For we this Morning have been robb'd,
and could no Money ſave.
I am much afraid, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
that you both do tell a Lie;
And now before you do go hence,
I am reſolved to try.

When

When as the Prieſts heard him ſay ſo,
they rode away amain;
But Robin Hood betook to his Heels,
and ſoon overtook them again.
Then Robin Hood laid hold of them both,
and pull'd them down from their Horſe,
O ſpare us (Fryar) the Prieſts cry'd out,
on us have ſome Remorſe.
You ſaid you'd no Money, quoth Robin Hood,
wherefore without Delay;
We three will fall upon our Knees,
and for Money we will pray.
The Prieſts they could not gainſay,
but down they kneel'd with Speed;
Send us, O ſend us, then quoth they,
ſome Money to ſerve our Need.
The Prieſts did pray with mournful Cheer,
ſometimes their Hands did wring;
Sometimes they wept and tore their Hair,
while Robin did merrily ſing.
When they had been praying an Hour's Space,
the Prieſts did ſtill lament;
Then quoth bold Robin, now let's ſee,
what Money Heaven hath us ſent,
We will be Sharers all alike,
of Money that we have;
And there is never a one of us,
that his Fellow ſhall deceive.
The Prieſts their Hands into their Pockets put,
but Money could find none,
We'll ſearch ourſelves, ſaid Robin Hood,
each other one by one.
Then Robin Hood took Pains to ſearch them,
and he found good Store of Gold;
Five hundred Pieces preſently,
upon the Graſs he told.
Here is a brave Show, ſaid bold Robin,
ſuch Store of Gold to ſee;

And you ſhall each one have a Part,
because you pray'd ſo heartily.
He gave them fifty Pounds a-piece,
and the reſt for himſelf did keep;
The Prieſts they durſt not ſpeak a Word,
but ſighed wond'rous deep.
With that the Prieſts roſe up from their Knees,
thinking to have parted ſo:
Nay, ſtay, ſays Robin Hood, one Thing more,
I have to ſay e'er you go.
You ſhall be ſworn, ſays Robin Hood,
upon this holy Graſs,
That you will never tell Lies again,
which Way ſoever you paſs:
The ſecond Oath that you here muſt take,
that all the Days of your Lives,
You never ſhall tempt Maids to Sin,
nor lie with other Mens' Wives.
The laſt Oath that you ſhall take, is this,
be charitable to the Poor;
Say you have met with a holy Fryar,
and I deſire no more.
He ſet them on their Horſes,
and away then they did ride;
And he return'd to the merry Green Wood,
with great Joy, Mirth, and Pride.

17. *Robin Hood reſcuing Will Stutely from the Sheriff and his Men, who had taken him Priſoner, and were going to hang him.*

Tune of, *Robin Hood and Queen Catharine.*

WHEN Robin Hood in the Green Wood ſtood,
Derry, derry down,
under the Green Wood Tree;
Tidings there came to him with Speed,
Tidings for Certainty.
Hey down, derry, derry, down.
That Will Stutely ſurpriſed was,
and he in Priſon lay; Three

Three Varlets that the King had hir'd,
did baſely him betray.
Aye, and To-morrow hang'd muſt be,
To-morrow as ſoon as it is Day;
Before they could the Victory get,
two of them did Stuteley ſlay.
When Robin Hood did hear the ſame,
Lord it did grieve him ſore;
And to his merry Men he ſaid,
who all together ſwore.
That Will Stutely ſhould reſcued be,
and be brought back again;
Or elſe many a gallant Knight,
for his Sake there be ſlain.
He cloth'd himſelf in Scarlet then,
his Men were all in Green;
A finer Shew throughout the World,
in no Place could be ſeen.
Good Lord, it was a gallant Sight,
to ſee them all on a Row;
With every Man a good broad Sword,
and eke a good Yew Bow.
Forth from the Green Wood they are gone,
yea, all courageouſly,
Reſolving to bring Stutely Home,
or every Man to die.
And when they came the Caſtle near,
wherein Will Stuteley lay;
I hold it good, ſaid Robin Hood,
we here in Ambuſh ſtay.
And ſend one forth, ſome News to hear,
to yonder Palmer fair,
That ſtands under the Caſtle Wall,
ſome News he may declare.
With that ſteps forth a brave young Man,
that was of Courage bold;
Thus did he ſay to the old Man,
I pray thee Palmer old,

Tell me, if thou rightly ken,
when muſt Will Stutely die?
Who is one of bold Robin Hood's Men,
and here doth in Priſon lie.
Alas! alas! the Palmer ſaid,
and for ever woe is me;
Will Stutely hanged will be this Day,
on yonder Gallows Tree.
O had his noble Maſter known,
he would ſome Succour ſend:
A few of his bold Yeomendree,
would ſoon fetch him from hence.
Ay, that is true, the old Man ſaid,
ay, that is true, ſaid he;
Or if they were near to this Place,
they ſoon would ſet him free.
But fare thee well, thou good old Man,
fare well, and Thanks to thee;
If Stutely hanged be this Day,
reveng'd his Death ſhall be.
No ſooner was he from the Palmer gone,
but the Gates where open'd wide,
And out of the Caſtle Will Stutely came,
guarded on every Side.
When he was forth from the Caſtle come,
and ſaw no Help was nigh;
Thus he unto the Sheriff ſaid,
thus did he ſay gallantly.
Now ſeeing that I needs muſt die,
grant me one Boon, ſaid he;
For my noble Maſter never had a Man,
that yet was hang'd on a Tree.
Give me a Sword all in my Hand,
and let me be unbound,
And with thee and thy Men I'll fight,
till I lie dead on the Ground.
But this Deſire he would not grant,
his Wiſhes were in vain;

For the Sheriff ſwore he hang'd ſhould be,
and not by Sword be ſlain.
Do but unbind my Hand he ſays,
I will no Weapon crave;
And if I hanged be this Day,
Damnation let me have.
O no, no, no, the Sheriff ſaid,
thou ſhalt on the Gallows die;
Aye, and ſo ſhall thy Maſter too,
if ever in me it lie.
O Baſtard Coward, Stutely cries,
faint-hearted Peaſant Slave;
If ever my Maſter does thee meet,
thou ſhalt thy Payment have.
My noble Maſter does thee ſcorn,
and all thy Cowardly Crew;
Such ſilly Imps unable are,
bold Robin to ſubdue.
But when he was to the Gallows gone,
and ready to bid Adieu;
Out of a Buſh ſteps Little John,
and comes Will Stutely to.
I pray thee Will before thou die,
of all thy dear Friends take Leave;
I needs muſt borrow him for a while,
how ſay you Maſter Sheriff.
Now as I live, the Sheriff ſaid,
that Varlet will I know;
Some ſturdy Rebel is that ſame,
therefore let him not go.
Then Little John moſt haſtily,
away cut Stutely's Bands,
And from one of the Sheriff's Men,
a Sword twitch'd from his Hands.
Here, Will Stutely, take thou this ſame,
thou can'ſt it better ſway;
And here defend thyſelf a-while,
for Aid will come ſtraightway.

And there they turn'd them Back to Back,
in the Midſt of them that Day;
Till Robin Hood approached near,
with many an Archer gay.
With that an Arrow from them flew;
I wiſt from Robin Hood;
Make haſte, make haſte, the Sheriff ſaid,
make haſte, for it is good.
The Sheriff is gone, and his doughty Men
thought it no Boot to ſtay;
But, as their Maſter had them taught
they ran full faſt away.
O ſtay, O ſtay, Will Stutely ſaid,
take Leave be not ſo fleet;
You ne'er will catch bold Robin Hood,
unleſs you dare him meet.
O ill betide you, ſaid Robin Hood,
that you ſo ſoon are gone;
My Sword may in the Scabbord reſt,
for here our Work is done.
I little thought, Will Stuteley ſaid,
when I came to this Place;
For to have met with Little John,
or ſeen my Maſter's Face.
Thus Stutely was at Liberty ſet,
and brought ſafe from his Foe:
O Thanks, O Thanks, to my Maſter,
ſince here it was not ſo.
And once again, my Fellows all,
we ſhall in the Green Wood meet,
Where we will make our Bow-ſtrings twang,
Muſic for us moſt ſweet.

18. *The noble Fiſherman: or, Robin Hood's Preferment.*

Tune of, *In Summer Time.*

IN Summer Time, when Leaves grow green,
when they grow both green and long;

O

Of a bold Outlaw called Robin Hood,
it is of him I ſing this Song.
When the Lily Leaf, and Cowſlip ſweet,
both bud and ſpring with merry Cheer;
This Outlaw was weary of the Wood-ſide,
and chaſing of the King's Deer.
The Fiſhermen brave, more money have,
then any Merchants two or three;
Therefore I will to Scarborough go,
that a Fiſherman I may be.
This Outlaw call'd his merry Men all,
as they ſat under the Green Wood Tree;
If any of you have Gold to ſpend,
I pray you heartily ſpend it with me.
Now, quoth Robin Hood I'll to Scarborough go,
it ſeems to be a very fine Day;
He took up his Inn at a Widow's Houſe,
hard by the Waters grey,
Who aſk'd him, where wert thou born?
O tell me where thou doſt fare?
I am a poor Fiſherman, ſaid he then,
this Day entrapped all in Care.
What is thy Name, thou fine Fellow,
I pray thee heartily tell to me:
In mine own Country where I was born,
Men call me Simon Over-the-Lee.
Simon, Simon, ſaid the good Wife,
I wiſh thou may'ſt well brook thy Name;
The Outlaw was aware of her Courteſy,
and rejoic'd he'd got ſuch a good Dame.
Simon, wilt thou be my Man?
and good round Wages I'll give thee;
I have as good a Ship of my own,
at any that ſails upon the Sea.
Anchor and Planks thou ſhalt want none,
Maſts and Ropes, that are ſo long:
And if that thou ſo furniſh me,
ſaid Simon nothing ſhall go wrong.

They

They pluck'd up Anchor, and away did ſail,
more of a Day than two or three;
When others caſt in their baited Hooks,
the bare Lines into the Sea caſt he,
It will be long, ſaid the Maſter then,
e'er this Lubber do thrive on the Sea;
He ſhall have no Share in our Fiſh,
For in Truth, he's no Part worthy.
O woe is me, ſaid Simon then,
this Day that ever I came here!
I wiſh I were in Plumton Park,
chaſing of the Fallow Deer:
For every Clown laughs me to ſcorn,
and by me ſets nothing at all;
If I had them in Plumton Park,
I would ſet as little by them all.
They pluck'd up Anchor, and away did ſail,
more of a Day than two or three;
But Simon eſpy'd a Ship of War,
that ſailed towards them vigorouſly.
O woe is me, ſaid the Maſter then,
this Day that ever I was born!
For all the Fiſh that we have got,
is every bit loſt and forlorn.
For theſe French Robbers on the Sea,
they will not ſpare of us one Man;
But carry us to the Coaſt of France,
and lay us in ſtrong Priſon.
But Simon ſaid, do not fear them,
neither Maſter take you Care;
But give me my bent Bow in my Hand,
and never a Frenchman will I ſpare.
Hold thy Peace, thou long Lubber
for thou art nought but Brags and Boaſts;
If I ſhould caſt you over-board,
there's but a ſimple Lubber loſt.
Simon grew angry at the Words,
and ſo angry then was he;

Then he took his bent Bow in his Hand,
and in the Ship-Hatch goeth he.
Maſter, tie me to the Maſt, he ſaid,
that at the Mark I may ſtand fair;
And give me my bent Bow in my Hand,
and never a Frenchman will I ſpare.
He drew his Arrow to the Head,
and he drew it with Might and Main,
And ſtrait in the Twinkling of an Eye,
to the Frenchman's Heart the Arrow gain'd.
The Frenchman fell down to the Ship-Hatch,
and under the Hatches down below;
Another Frenchman that him 'ſpy'd,
the dead Corps into the Sea did throw.
O Maſter, looſe me from the Maſt he ſaid,
and for them all take you no Care,
For give me my bent bow in my Hand,
and never a Frenchman will I ſpare.
Then ſtraight they boarded the French Ship,
they lying dead in their Sight;
They found within the Ship of War,
twelve thouſand Pounds in Money bright.
The one half of the Ship, ſaid Simon then,
I'll give to my Dame and children ſmall;
The other half of the Ship I'll give,
to you that are my Fellows all.
But now beſpoke the Maſter then,
for ſo Simon it ſhall not be:
For you have won it with your own Hands,
and the Owner of it you muſt be.
It ſhall be ſo as you have ſaid,
and with this Gold for the oppreſt,
An Habitation I will build,
where they may live in Peace and Reſt.

19. *R. Hood's Delight: or a new Combat fought between R. Hood, L. John, and W. Scarlet with 3 ſtout Keepers in Sherwoood Foreſt. Tune of R. Hood and Q Catharine*

THERE's ſome will talk of Lords and Knights,
and ſome of Yeomen good; (Down, &c.

That

But I'll tell you of Will Scarlet,
Little John, and Robin Hood.
They were three Outlaws 'tis well known,
and Men of noble Blood,
And many a Time their Valour was ſhown,
In the Foreſt of merry Sherwood.
Upon a Time it chanc'd ſo,
as Robin would have it to be;
They all three would a walking go,
ſome Paſtime for to ſee.
And as they walk'd the Foreſt along,
upon a Midſummer Day,
There were they aware of three Foreſters,
clad all in green Array.
With brave long Falchions by their Sides,
and Foreſt Bills in their Hand;
They cry'd aloud to theſe Outlaws,
and charged them to ſtand.
Why, who are you, ſaid bold Robin,
that ſpeak ſo boldly here?
We three belong to King Henry,
and are Keepers of his Deer.
The Devil you are, ſaid Robin Hood,
I am ſure it is not ſo;
We be the Keepers of this Foreſt,
and that you ſoon ſhall know.
Your Coats of Green lay on the Ground,
and ſo we will all three;
And take your Swords and Bucklers round,
and try the Victory.
We be content, the Keepers ſaid,
we be three and no leſs;
Then why ſhould we of you be afraid,
as we never did tranſgreſs?
Why, if you be Keepers in this Foreſt,
then we be three Rangers good;
And will make you know before you do go,
you met with bold Robin Hood.

We be content, thou bold Outlaw,
our Valour here to try;
And will make you know, before you do go,
we will fight before we fly.
Then come draw your Swords, you bold Outlaws,
and no longer ſtand to prate,
But let us try it out with Blows,
for Cowards we do hate.
Here's one for thee Will Scarlet,
and another for Little John.
And I myſelf for Robin Hood,
becauſe he is ſtout and ſtrong.
So they fell to it hard and ſore,
it was on a Midſummer Day;
From eight of the Clock, 'till two and paſt,
they all ſhewed gallant Play.
There Robin, Will, and Little John,
they fought moſt manfully,
Till all their Wind was ſpent and gone,
then Robin aloud did cry.
O hold, O hold, cries bold Robin,
I ſee you be ſtout Men;
Let me blow one Blaſt on my Bugle Horn,
then I'll fight with you again.
That Bargain is to make, Robin Hood,
therefore we it deny;
Thy Blaſt upon the Bugle Horn,
cannot make us fight or fly.
Therefore fall on, or elſe be gone,
and yield to us the Day:
It never ſhall be ſaid, that we are afraid
of thee, or thy Yeomen gay.
If that be ſo, cries Robin Hood,
let me but know your Names,
And in the Foreſt of merry Sherwood,
I will extol your Fames.
And with our Names, one of them ſaid,
What haſt thou here to do?

Except that thou wilt fight it out,
our Names thou ſhalt not know.
We will fight no more, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
you be Men of Valour ſtout;
Come and go with me to Nottingham,
and there we'll fight it out.
With a But of Sack we'll bang it about,
to ſee who wins the Day:
And for the Coſt make you no Doubt,
I have Gold enough to pay.
And ever hereafter as long as we live,
we all will Brethren be;
For I love thoſe Men with Hand and Heart,
that will fight and never flee.
So away they went to Nottingham.
with Sack to make amends;
For three Day's Space, they Wine did chaſe,
and drank themſelves goood Friends:

20. *Robin Hood and the Beggar: Shewing how he and the Beggar fought, and changed Cloaths; and how he went a Begging to Nottingham; and how he ſaved three Brethren from Hanging, for ſtealing of Deer.*

Tune of, *Robin Hood and the Stranger.*

COME light and liſten you Gentlemen all,
with a hey down, down, and a down,
that Mirth do love for to hear;
And a Story true, I'll tell unto you,
if that you will but draw near.
In elder Times when Merriments were,
and Archery was holden good;
There was an Outlaw, as many do know,
which Men call'd Robin Hood.
Upon a Time it chanced ſo.
bold Robin was merry diſpos'd,
His Time for to ſpend, he did intend,
either with Friends or Foes.

Then

Then he got upon a gallant Steed,
the which was worth Angels ten,
With a Mantle of Green, moſt brave to be ſeen,
he left all his merry Men.
And riding towards Nottingham,
ſome Paſtime for to 'ſpy;
There was he aware of a jolly Beggar,
as e'er he beheld with his Eye.
An old patch'd Coat the Beggar had on,
which he daily us'd for to wear;
And many a Bag about him did wag,
which made Robin Hood to him repair.
God ſpeed, God ſpeed ſaid Robin Hood then,
what Countryman, tell unto me?
I am Yorkſhire, Sir, but e'er you go far,
ſome Charity give unto me.
I have no Money, ſaid Robin Hood then,
for I am a Ranger within this Wood;
I am an Outlaw, as many do know,
my Name it is Robin Hood.
But yet I muſt tell thee, bonny Beggar,
that a Bout with thee I muſt try;
Thy Coat of Grey lay it down I ſay,
and my Mantle of Green ſhall be by.
Content, content, the Beggar he cry'd,
thy Part it will be the worſe:
For I hope this Bout, to give thee the Rout,
and then have at thy Purſe.
The Beggar he had a mickle long Staff,
and Robin he'd a Nut brown Sword;
The Beggar drew nigh, and at Robin let fly,
but gave him never a Word.
Fight on, fight on, ſaid Robin Hood then,
this Game well pleaſeth me;
For every Blow that Robin gave,
the Beggar gave Buffets three.
And fighting there full hard and ſore,
not far from Nottingham Town;

They never fled, till from Robin Hood's Head,
the Blood ran trickling down:
O hold thy Hand, ſaid Robin Hood,
and thou and I will agree;
If that be true, the Beggar he ſaid,
thy Mantle come give unto me,
Now a Change, a Change, ſaid Robin Hood,
thy Bags and thy Coat give me.
And this Mantle of mine I'll to thee reſign,
my Horſe and my Bravery.
When Robin had got the Beggars Cloaths,
he looked him round about;
Methinks, ſaid he, I ſeem to be,
a Beggar brave and ſtout.
For now I have got a Bag for my Bread,
and I have another for my Corn,
I have one for Salt, another for Malt,
and one for my little Horn.
And now I will a Begging go,
ſome Charity for to find;
And if any more of Robin you'll know,
in the Second Part it's behind.
Now Robin he's to Nottingham bound,
with a Bag hanging down to his Knee;
His Staff and his Coat ſcarce worth a Groat,
yet merrily paſſed he.
As Robin he paſſed the Streets along,
he heard a pitious Cry;
Three Brethrtn dear, as he did hear,
condemned were to die.
Then Robin he hy'd to the Sheriff's Houſe,
ſome Relief for to ſeek,
He ſkip'd he leap'd, and caper'd full high,
as he went along the Street.
But when to the Sheriff's Houſe he came,
there a Gentleman fine and brave;
Thou Beggar, ſaid he, come tell unto me,
ewhat is it thou would'ſt have.

No Meat nor Drink, ſaid Robin Hood then,
that I come here to crave;
But to beg the Lives of Yeomen three,
and that I fain would have.
That cannot be thou bold Beggar,
the Fact it it ſo clear;
I tell to thee, they hang'd muſt be,
for ſtealing our King's Deer,
But when to the Gallows they did come,
there was many a weeping Eye:
O hold your Peace, ſaid Robin Hood then,
for certain they ſhall not die.
ThenRobin he ſet his Horn to his Mouth,
and he blew out Blaſts three;
Till an hundred bold Archers brave,
came kneeling down to his Knee.
What is your Will, Maſter? ſaid they,
we are at your Command?
Shoot Eaſt, ſhoot Weſt, ſaid Robin then,
and ſee you ſpare no Man.
Then they ſhot Eaſt, and they ſhot Weſt,
their Arrows were ſo keen,
The High Sheriff and his Company,
no longer could be ſeen.
Then he ſtep'd to the Brethren three,
and away he had them ta'en;
The Sheriff was croſt, and many a Man loſt,
that Dead lay on the Plain.
And away they went to the merry green Wood,
and ſung with a merry Glee;
And Robin Hood took theſe Brethren good,
to be of his Yeomendree.

21. *Robin Hood, Will. Scarlet, and Little John: Or, a Narrative of the Victory obtain'd againſt the Prince of Arragon and the two Giants: and how Will Scarlet married the Princeſs.*

NOW Robin Hood, Will Scarlet and little John
were walking over the Plain; With

With a a good fat Buck, which Will Scarlet
with his ſtrong Bow had ſlain.
Jog on, jog on, cries Robin Hood,
the Day it runs full faſt;
For tho' my Nephew me a Breakfaſt gave,
I have not broke my faſt.
Then to yonder lodge, let us take our Way,
I think it wond'rous good,
Where my Nephew, and my bold Yeomen,
ſhall be welcome unto the Green Wood.
With that he took the Bugle Horn,
full well he did it blow;
Strait from the Woods came marching down,
one hundred tall Fellows and mo.
Stand, ſtand to your Arms, cries Will Scarlet,
lo, the Enemies are within ken;
With that Robin Hood he laugh'd aloud,
and cries, they are my bold Yeomen.
Who when they arriv'd, and Robin eſpy'd
crying, Maſter, what is your Will?
We thought you had in Danger been,
your Horn did ſound ſo ſhril.
Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
the Danger is paſt and gone;
I would have you to welcome my Nephew here,
that hath paid me two for one,
In feaſting and ſporting they ſpent the Day,
till Phœbus ſunk into the Deep,
Then each one to his Quarters hy'd,
his Guard there for to keep.
Long had they not walk'd within the Green Wood
but Robin he ſoon eſpy'd,
A beautiful Damſel all alone,
that on a Black Palfry did ride.
Her Riding Suit was of the ſable Blue-black,
Cypreſs over her Face;
Through which her Roſe-like Cheeks did bluſh,
all with a comely Grace.

Come tell me the Cauſe, thou pretty one,
quoth Robin, tell me right;
From whence thou comeſt, and whither thou goeſt
all in this mournful Plight.
From London I came, the Damſel reply'd,
from London upon the Thames,
Which circled is, O Grief to tell!
beſieg'd with foreign Arms,
By the proud Prince of Arragon,
who ſwears by his Martial Hand,
To have the Princeſs to his Spouſe,
or elſe to waſte this Land.
Except that Champions can be found,
that dare fight three to three,
Againſt that Prince, and Giants twain,
moſt horrid for to ſee.
Whoſe griſly Looks, and Eyes like Brands,
ſtrike Terror where they come;
With Serpens hiſſing on their Helms,
inſtead of feather'd Plume,
The Princeſs ſhall be the Victor's Prize,
the King hath vow'd and ſaid:
And he that ſhall the Conqueſt win,
ſhall have her for his Bride.
Now we are four Damſels ſent abroad,
to the Eaſt, Weſt, North, and South,
To try whoſe Fortune is ſo good,
to bring the Champions forth.
But all in vain, we have ſought about,
for none ſo bold there are,
That dare adventure Life and Blood,
to free a Lady fair.
When is the Day? quoth Robin Hood,
tell me this and no more:
On Midſummer next, the Damſel ſaid,
which is June the twenty-four.
With that the Tears trickled from her Cheeks,
and ſilent was her Tongue;

With Sighs and Sobs ſhe took her Leave,
and away her Palfry ſprung.
This News ſtruck Robin to the Heart,
he fell down on the Graſs,
His Actions and his troubled Mind,
ſhew'd he perplexed was.
Where lies your Grief? quoth Will Scarlet,
O Maſter, tell to me;
If the Damſel's Eyes have pierc'd thy Heart,
I'll fetch her back to thee.
Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
ſhe does not cauſe my Smart:
But it is the poor diſtreſſed Princeſs,
that wounds me to the Heart.
I will go fight the Giants all,
to ſet the Lady free;
The D—l take my Soul, quoth Little John,
if I part with thy Company.
Muſt I ſtay behind? quoth Will Scarlet,
no, no, that muſt not be:
I'll make a third Man in the Fight,
ſo we ſhall be three to three.
Theſe Words cheer'd Robin to the Heart,
Joy ſhone upon his Face,
Within his Arms he hugg'd them both,
and kindly did embrace.
Quoth he, we'll put on motley Grey,
with long Staffs in our Hands,
A Scrip and Bottle by our Sides,
as come from the Holy Land.
So may we paſs along the Highway,
none will aſk from whence we came;
But take us Pilgrims for to be,
or elſe ſome holy Men.
Now they are on their Journey gone,
as faſt as they may ſpeed;
Yet for all their Haſte, ere they arriv'd,
the Princeſs forth was led,

To be deliver'd to the Prince,
who in the Liſts did ſtand,
Prepar'd to fight, or elſe to receive,
this Lady by the Hand.
With that he walk'd about the Liſt,
with Giants by his Side;
Bring forth, quoth he, your Champions,
or bring me forth my Bride.
This is the four and twentieth Day,
the Day prefix'd upon,
Bring forth my Bride, or London burns,
I ſwear by Alcoran.
Then cry'd the King and Queen likewiſe,
both weeping as they ſpake;
Lo! we have brought our Daughter dear,
whom we are forc'd to forſake.
With that ſteps out bold Robin Hood,
cries, my Leige it muſt not be ſo;
Such Beauty as the fair Princeſs,
is not for a Tyrant's Maw.
The Prince he then began to ſtorm,
cries Fool, Fanatic, Baboon
How dare you ſtop my Valour's Prize, !
I'll kill you with a Frown.
Thou Tyrant, Turk, thou Infidel:
thus Robin began to reply.
Thy Frowns I ſcorn; lo, here my Gage,
and thus I thee defy.
And for thoſe two Goliahs there,
that ſtand on either Side,
Here are two little Davids by,
that ſoon can tame their Pride,
Then did the King for Armour ſend,
for Launces, Swords, and Shields,
And thus all three in Armour bright,
came marching in the Field.
The Trumpets began to ſound a Charge,
To each ſingled out his Man:

Their Arms in Pieces ſoon were hew'd,
Blood ſprang from every Vein.
The Prince reach'd Robin a Blow,
he ſtruck with Might and Main:
Which forc'd him to reel about the Field,
as tho' he had been ſlain.
God-a-Mercy quoth Robin, for that Blow,
the Quarrel ſhall ſoon be try'd;
This Stroke ſhall ſhew a full Divorce,
betwixt thee and thy Bride.
So from his Shoulders his Head he cut,
which on the Ground did fall,
And grumbled ſore at Robin Hood,
to be ſo dealt withal.
The Giants they began to rage,
to ſee their Prince lie dead;
Thou ſhalt be the next, quoth Little John,
unleſs thou guard thy Head.
With that his Falchion he whirl'd about,
it was both keen and ſharp;
He clove the Giant to the Belt,
and cut in twain his Heart.
Will Scarlet well had play'd his Part,
the Giant he brought on his Knee;
Quoth Will the Devil can't break his Faſt,
unleſs he has you all three.
So with his Falchion he run him through,
a deep and ghaſhly Wound,
Who damn'd and foam'd, curs'd and blaſphem'd
and then fell to the Ground.
Now all the Liſts with Shouts were fill'd,
the Skies they did reſound,
Which brought the Princeſs to herſelf,
who was fall'n into a Swoon.
The King and Queen, and Princeſs fair,
came walking to the Place;
And gave the Champions many Thanks,
and did them further grace.

Tell me, quoth the King, whence you are,
that thus diſguiſed came,
Whoſe Valour ſpeaks that noble Blood,
doth run through every Vein.
A Boon, a Boon, quoth Robin Hood,
on my Knees I beg and crave:
By my Crown, quoth the King, I grant,
aſk what, and thou ſhalt have.
Then Pardon I beg for my merry Men,
which are in the Green Wood,
For Little John and Will Scarlet,
and for me bold Robin Hood.
Art thou Robin Hood, quoth the King,
for the Valour thou haſt ſhewn,
Your Pardon I do freely grant,
and welcome every one.
The Princeſs I promis'd the Victor's Prize,
ſhe cannot have you all three;
She ſhall chuſe, quoth Robin; ſaid Little John,
then little Share falls to me.
Then did the Princeſs view all three,
with a comely lovely Grace,
And took Will Scarlet by the Hand,
ſaying here I make my Choice.
With that a noble Lord ſtep'd forth,
of Maxfield Earl was he;
Who look'd Will Scarlet in the Face,
then wept moſt bitterly.
Quoth he, I had a Son like thee,
whom I lov'd wond'rous well,
But he is gone, or rather dead,
his Name is young Gamwell.
With that Will Scarlet fell on his Knees,
crying Father! Father! here,
Here kneels your Son, your young Gamwell,
you ſaid you lov'd ſo dear.
But Lord, what embracing and kiſſing was there,
when all theſe Friends were met;

They are gone to Wedding, and ſo to Bedding,
and ſo I bid you good Night.

22. *Little John and the four Beggars: Shewing how he went a Begging, and fought with four Beggars, and what a Prize he got by them.*

Tune of, *Robin Hood and the Beggar.*

ALL you that delight to ſpend ſome Time,
with a hey down, down, and a down,
a merry Song for to ſing;
Unto me draw near, and you ſhall hear,
how Little John went a Begging.
As Robin Hood walk'd the Foreſt along,
with all his Yeomendree,
Says Robin, ſome of you a Begging muſt go,
and Little John it muſt be thee.
Says John, if I muſt a Begging go,
I'll have a Palmer's Weed,
With a Staff and a Coat, and Bags of all Sorts,
the better then I ſhall ſpeed.
Come give me now a Bag for my Bread,
and another for my Cheeſe;
And one for a Penny, if I get any,
that nothing I may leeſe.
Now Little John is a Begging gone,
ſeeking for ſome Relief;
But of all the Beggars he met on the Way,
Little John he was the Chief.
But as he was walking himſelf alone,
four Beggars he chanced to 'ſpy,
Some deaf, ſome blind, and ſome came behind,
ſays John, here's a brave Company.
Good-morrow, ſays John, my Brethren dear,
good Fortune I had you to ſee;
Which Way do you go, pray let me know,
for I want ſome Company.
O what's here to do? ſaid Little John,
why ring all theſe Bells? ſaid he,

What

What Dog is hanging? come, let us be ganging,
that we the Truth may ſee.
Here is no Dog, one of them ſaid,
good Fellow, I tell unto thee;
But here's one dead, that will give us Cheeſe and Bread,
and it may be one ſingle Penny.
We have Brethren in London, another ſaid,
ſo we have in Coventry;
In Berwick and Dover, and all the World over,
but ne'er a crooked Carl like thee.
Therefore ſtand thee back, thou crooked Carl,
and take that Knock on the Crown;
Nay, ſaid Little John, I'll not be gone,
for a Bout I will have with you round.
Now have at you all, ſaid Little John,
if you be ſo full of your Blows;
Fight on all four, and never give o'er,
whether you be Friends or Foes.
John nipp'd the Dumb, and made him roar,
and the Blind that could not ſee;
And he that a Cripple had been ſeven Years,
he made him run faſter than he.
And flinging them all againſt the Wall,
with many a ſturdy Bang;
It made John ſing, to hear the Gold ring,
and againſt the Wall cry twang.
Then he got out of the Beggar's Cloak,
three hundred Pounds in Gold;
Good Fortune had I, ſaid Little John,
ſuch a Sight for to behold.
But found he in the Beggar's Bag,
three hundred Pounds and three;
If I drink Water while this doth laſt,
then an ill Death may I die.
And the Begging Trade I'll now give o'er,
my Fortune hath been ſo good,
Therefore I'll not ſtay, but I will away,
to the Foreſt of merry Sherwood.

But when to the Foreſt of Sherwood he came,
he quickly there did ſee,
Bold Robin Hood his Maſter good,
and all his Company.
What News, what News, ſaid Robin Hood,
come, Little John, tell unto me;
How thou haſt ſped with thy Beggar's Trade,
for that I fain would ſee.
No News but good, ſaid Little John,
with Begging full well have I ſped;
Three hundred and three I have here for thee,
in Silver and Gold ſo Red.
Then Robin Hood took Little John by the Hand,
and danced about the Oak Tree,
If we drink Water while this doth laſt,
then an ill Death may we die,
So to conclude my merry new Song,
all you that delight to ſing,
'Tis of Robin Hood that Archer good,
and how Little John went a Begging.

23. *Robin Hood and the Ranger: or, true Friendſhip after a fierce Fight.*

Tune of, *Arthur a Bland.*

WHEN Phœbus had melted the Ickles of Ice
with a hey down, down, and down,
and likewiſe the Mountains of Snow,
Bold Robin Hood, he would frolickſome be;
and ramble about with his Bow.
He left all his merry Men waiting behind,
whilſt through the green Vallies he paſs'd,
There did he behold a Foreſter bold,
who cry'd out, Friend, whither ſo faſt?
I'm going, quoth Robin, to kill a fat Buck,
for me, and my merry Men all;
Beſides e'er I go I'll have a fat Doe,
or elſe it ſhall coſt me a Fall.
You'd beſt have a Care, ſaid the Foreſter then,
for theſe are his Majeſty's Deer;

Before

Before you ſhall ſhoot, the Thing I'll diſpute,
for I am Head Foreſter here.
Theſe thirteen long Summers, quoth Robin I'm
my Arrows I here have let fly, ſure,
Where freely I range, methinks it is ſtrange,
you ſhould have more Power than I.
This Foreſt, quoth Robin, I think is my own,
and ſo are the nimble Deer too;
Therefore I declare, and ſolemnly ſwear,
I wont be affronted by you.
The Foreſter he had a long Quarter Staff,
likewiſe a broad Sword by his Side;
Which without more ado, he preſently drew,
declaring the Truth ſhould be try'd.
Bold Robin Hood had a Sword of the beſt,
thus ere he would take any Wrong,
His Courage was fluſh, he'd venture a Bruſh,
and thus they fell to it, ding dong.
The very firſt Blow that the Foreſter gave,
he made his broad Weapon cry twang,
'Twas over the Head, he fell down for dead,
O that was a damnable Bang.
But Robin he ſoon recovered himſelf,
and bravely fell to it again,
The very next Stroke, their Weapons they broke,
yet neither of them were ſlain.
At Quarter Staff, then they reſolved to play,
becauſe they would have the other Bout,
And brave Robin Hood right valiently ſtood,
unwilling he was to give out.
Bold Robin he gave him very hard Blows,
the other return'd them as faſt;
At every Stroke their Jackets did ſmoke;
three Hours this Combat did laſt.
At length in a Rage the bold Foreſter grew,
and cudgell'd bold Robin ſo ſore,
That he could not ſtand, ſo ſhaking his Hand,
he cry'd let us freely give o'er.

Thou art a brave Fellow, I needs muſt confeſs,
I never knew any ſo good;
Thou'rt fitting to be a Yeomen for me,
and live in the merry Green Wood.
I'll give thee this Ring as a Token of Love,
for bravely thou'ſt acted thy Part;
That Man that can fight, in him I delight,
and love him with all my whole Heart,
Then Robin Hood ſetting his Horn to his Mouth,
a Blaſt he merrily blows;
His Yeomen did hear, and ſtraight did appear
a hundred with truſty long Bows.
Now Little John came at the Head of them all,
cloath'd in a rich Mantle of Green;
And likewiſe the reſt were glorioufly dreſt,
a delicate Sight to be ſeen.
Lo! theſe are me Yeomen, ſaid bold Robin Hood,
and thou ſhalt be one of the Train,
A Mantle and Bow, a Quiver alſo,
I give them whom I entertain.
The Foreſter willingly enter'd the Liſt,
they were ſuch a beautiful Sight,
Then with a long Bow they ſhot a fat Doe,
and made a good Supper that Night.
What ſinging and dancing was in the Green Wood
for Joy of another new Mate.
With Mirth and Delight they ſpent the long Night
and liv'd at a plentiful Rate.
The Foreſter ne'er was ſo merry before,
as when he was with theſe brave Souls,
Who never would fail, in Wine, Beer, or Ale,
to take off their cheriſhing Bowls.
Then Robin Hood gave him a Mantle of Green,
broad Arrows, and a curious long Bow;
This done, the next Day, ſo gallant and gay,
he marched them all on a Row.
Quoth he, my bold Yeomen, be true to your Truſt
and then we may range the Woods wide;

They

They all did declare, and ſolemnly ſwear,
they'd conquer, or die by his Side.

24. *The King's Diſguiſe and Friendſhip with Robin Hood.*

To a Northern Tune.

KING Richard hearing of the Pranks
of Robin Hood and his Men,
He much admir'd, and more deſir'd,
to ſee both him and them.
Then with a Dozen of his Lords,
to Nottingham he rode;
When he came there, he made good Cheer,
and took up his Abode.
He having ſtaid there ſome Time,
but had no hopes to ſpeed,
He and his Lords, with one Accord,
all put on Monk's Weeds.
From Fountain Abbey they did ride,
down to Barnſdale;
Where Robin Hood prepared ſtood,
all Company to aſſail.
The King was higher than the reſt,
and Robin thought he had
An Abbot been, whom he had ſeen,
to rob him he was glad.
He took the King's Horſe by the Head,
Abbot, ſays he, abide;
I'm bound to rue ſuch Knaves as you,
that live in pomp and pride.
But we are Meſſengers from the King,
the King himſelf did ſay;
Near to this Place, his Royal Grace
to ſpeak with thee does ſtay.
God ſave the King, ſaid Robin Hood,
and all that wiſh him well;
He that does deny his Sovereignty,
I wiſh he was in Hell.
O thou thyſelf curſeth, replies the King,
for thou a Traitor art; Nay

Nay, but that you are his Messenger,
I swear you lie in Heart.
For I never Hurt any Man,
that honest is and true;
But those who give their Minds to live
upon other Mens' due,
I never hurt the Husbandmen,
that use to till the Ground;
Nor spill their Blood, that range the Wood,
to follow Hawk or Hound.
My chiefest Spite to Clergy is,
who in these Days bear a great Sway;
Of Fryars and Monks, with their fine Sprunks,
I make my chiefest Prey.
But I'm very glad, said Robin Hood,
that I have met you here;
Come, before we end, you shall, my Friend,
taste of our Green Wood Cheer.
The King then did marvel much,
and so did all his Men,
They thought with Fear, what Kind of Cheer,
Robin would provide for them.
Robin took the King's Horse by the Head,
and led him to his Tent;
Thou should not be so us'd quoth he,
but that my King thee sent.
Nay, more than that, said Robin Hood,
for good King Richard's Sake;
If you had as much Gold as ever I told,
I would not one Penny take.
Then Robin set his Horn to his Mouth,
and a loud Blast he did blow;
Till a hundred and ten of Robin Hood's Men,
Came marching all of a Row.
And when they came bold Robin before,
each Man did bend his Knee;
O, thought the King, 'tis a gallant Thing,
and a seemly Sight to see.

Within

Within himſelf the King did ſay,
theſe Men of Robin Hood's,
More humble be, than mine to me,
ſo the Court may learn of the Woods.
So then they all to Dinner went,
upon a Carpet green;
Black, yellow, red, fine mingled,
moſt curious to be ſeen.
Veniſon and Fowls were plenty there,
with Fiſh out of the River;
King Richard ſwore, on Sea or Shore,
he was never feaſted better.
Then Robin takes a Can of Ale,
come, let us now begin;
Come, every Man ſhall have his Can,
here's a Health unto the King.
Then the King himſelf drank to the King,
ſo round about it went;
Two Barrels of Ale both ſtout and ſtale,
to pledge that Health was ſpent.
And after that a Bowl of Wine,
in his Hand took Robin Hood:
Until I die, I'll drink Wine, ſaid he,
while I live in the Green Wood.
Bend all your Bows, ſaid Robin Hood,
and with a Grey Gooſe Wing,
Such Sport now ſhew, as you would do,
in the Preſence of the King.
They ſhow'd ſuch brave Archery,
by cleaving Sticks and Wands,
That the King did ſay, ſuch Men as they,
live not in many Lands.
Well, Robin Hood, then ſays the King,
if I could thy Pardon get,
To ſerve the King in every Thing,
would'ſt thou thy Mind firm ſet.
Yes, with all my Heart, bold Robin Hood ſaid,
ſo they flung off their Hoods:

To ſerve the King in every Thing,
they ſwore they would ſpend their Blood.
For a Clergyman was firſt my bane,
which makes me hate them all;
But if you'll be ſo kind to me,
love them again I ſhall.
The King no longer could forbear,
for he was mov'd with Truth;
Robin, ſaid he I'll now tell thee,
the very naked Truth.
I am the King thy ſovereign King,
that appears before you all;
When Robin ſaw that it was he,
ſtraight then he down did fall.
Stand up again, then ſaid the King,
I'll thee thy pardon give;
Stand up my Friend, who can contend,
when I give Leave to live.
So they're all gone to Nottingham,
all ſhouting as they came:
But when the People did them ſee,
they thought the King was ſlain.
And for that Cauſe, the Outlaws were come,
to rule all as their Liſt;
And for to ſhun, which Way to run,
the People did not wiſt.
The Plowman left his Plow in the Field,
the Smith ran from his Shop;
Old Folks, that ſcarce could go,
over their Sticks did hop.
The King ſoon let them underſtand,
he had been in the Green Wood:
And from that Day, for evermore,
had forgiven Robin Hood.
When the People they did hear,
and that the Truth was known,
They all did ſing, God ſave the King,
hang Care, the Town's our own.

What's that Robin Hood? then ſaid the Sheriff,
that Varlet I do hate;
Both me and mine he caus'd to dine,
and ſerv'd us all with one Plate.
Ho, ho, ſaid Robin, I know what you mean,
come, take your Gold again:
Be Friends with me, and I with thee,
and ſo with every Man.
Now Maſter Sheriff, you are paid,
and ſince you are the Beginner,
As well as you, give me my due,
for you ne'er paid for that Dinner.
But if that it ſhould pleaſe the King,
ſo much your Houſe to grace,
To ſup with you, for to ſpeak true,
I know you ne'er was baſe.
The Sheriff could not that gainſay,
for a Trick was put upon him;
A Supper was dreſt, the King was Gueſt,
but he thought it would have undone him.
They're all gone to London Court,
Robin Hood with all his Train;
He once was there a noble Peer,
and now he's there again.
Many ſuch Pranks brave Robin play'd,
while he liv'd in the Green Wood,
Now my Friends attend, for here's an End
of honeſt Robin Hood.

25. *Robin Hood and Little John: Being an Account of their firſt Meeting, their fierce Encounter and Conqueſt. To which is added, their friendly Agreement, and how he came to be called Little John.*

Tune of, *Arthur a Bland.*

WHEN Robin Hood was about twenty Years with a hey down, down, and a down, (old he happened to meet Little John,
A jolly briſk Blade, right fit for his Trade,
for he was a luſty young Man.

Tho'

Tho' he was call'd Little, his Limbs they were large,
and his Stature was seven Foot high;
Wherever he came, they quak'd at his Name,
for soon he would make them to fly.
How they came acquainted I'll tell you in Brief,
if you will but listen a while;
For this very Jest, among all the rest,
I think may cause you to smile.
For Robin Hood said to his jolly Bowmen,
pray tarry you here is this Grove;
And see that you all observe when I call,
while through the Forest I rove.
We have had no Sport these fourteen long Days,
therefore now Abroad I will go;
Now should I be beat, and cannot retreat,
my Horn I will presently blow.
Then did he shake Hands with his merry Men,
and bid them all good-bye;
Then as near a Brook his Journey he took,
a Stranger he chanced to spy.
They happen'd to meet on a long narrow Bridge,
and neither of them would give Way;
Quoth bold Robin Hood, and sturdily stood,
I'll shew you right Nottingham Play.
With that from his Quiver an Arrow he drew,
a broad Arrow with a Goose Wing;
The Stranger reply'd, I'll liquor thy Hide,
if thou offer to touch the String.
Quoth bold Robin, thou doth prate like an Ass,
for were I but to bend my Bow;
I could send a Dart quite through thy proud Heart
Before thou could'st strike me one Blow.
Thou talk'st like a Coward, the Stranger reply'd,
well arm'd with a long Bow you stand,
To shoot at my Breast, while I do jest,
I have nought but a Staff in my Hand.
The Name of a Coward, quoth Robin, I scorn,
therefore my long Bow I'll lay by;

And now for thy Sake, a Staff I will take,
the Truth of thy Manhood to try.
Then Robin Hood ſtep'd to a Thicket of Trees,
and choſe him a Staff of good Oak;
Now, this being done, away he did run
to the Stranger, and merrily ſpoke.
Lo! ſee my Staff is luſty and tough,
now here on the Bridge we will play;
Whoever falls in, the other ſhall win
the Battle, and ſo we'll away.
With all my whole Heart, the Stranger reply'd,
I ſcorn in the leaſt to give out:
This ſaid, they fell to't, without any Diſpute,
and their Staves they did flouriſh about.
At firſt, Robin gave the Stranger a Bang,
ſo hard, that it made his Bones ring;
The Stranger he ſaid, this muſt be repaid,
I'll give you as good as you bring.
So long as I'm able to handle a Staff,
to die in your Debt, Friend, I ſcorn;
Then to it both goes, and follow their Blows,
as if they'd been thraſhing of Corn.
The Stranger gave Robin a Knock on the Crown
which cauſed the Blood to appear;
Then Robin enrag'd, more fiercely engag'd,
and follow'd his Blows more ſevere.
So thick and ſo faſt he did lay on him,
with a paſſionate Fury and Ire;
At every Stroke, he made him to ſmoke,
as though he had been all on Fire.
O then in a Fury the Stranger he grew,
and gave him a damnable Look,
And with it a Blow, that laid him full low,
and tumbled him into the Brook.
I prithee, good Fellow, where art thou now?
the Stranger in Laughter he cry'd;
Quoth bold Robin Hood, good Faith, in the Flood,
and floating along with the Tide.

I need

I needs muſt acknowledge thou art a brave Soul,
with thee I'll no longer contend;
For needs I muſt ſay, thou haſt got the Day,
our Battle ſhall be at an End.
Then unto the Bank he did preſently wade,
and pull'd himſelf up by a Thorn,
Which done at the laſt he blew a loud Blaſt,
ſtraitway on his fine Bugle Horn.
The echo of which through the vallies did ring,
at which his ſtout Bowmen appear'd
All clothed in Green, moſt gay to be ſeen,
ſo up to their Maſter they ſteer'd.
O what is the Matter, quoth Will Stutely,
good Maſter, you're wet to the Skin;
No Matter, quoth he, the Lad that you ſee,
in fighting hath tumbled me in.
He ſhall not go Scot-free, the other reply'd,
ſo ſtraight they were ſeizing him there,
To duck him likewiſe, but Robin Hood cries,
he is a ſtout Fellow, forbear.
There's no one ſhall wrong thee, Friend, be not
theſe Bowmen upon me do wait; (afraid,
There's threeſcore and nine, if thou wilt be mine,
thou ſhalt have my Livery ſtrait,
And other Accoutrements fitting alſo,
ſpeak up, Jolly Blade, never fear;
I'll teach thee alſo, the Uſe of the Bow,
to ſhoot at the fat Fallow Deer.
O here is my Hand, the Stranger reply'd,
I'll ſerve thee with all my whole Heart,
My Name is John Little, a Man of good Mettle,
never doubt me, for I'll play my Part.
His Name ſhall be altered, quoth Will Stutely,
and I will his Godfather be;
Prepare then a Feaſt, and none of the leaſt,
for we will be merry, quoth he.
They preſently fetch'd in a Brace of fat Does,
with humming ſtrong Liquor likewiſe;

They

They lov'd what was good; ſo in the Green Wood
this pretty ſweet Babe they baptiz'd.
He was, I muſt tell you, but ſeven Foot high,
and, may be, an Ell in the Waiſt;
He was a ſweet Lad, much feaſting they had,
bold Robin the Chriſtening grac'd.
With all his Bowmen, which ſtood in a Ring,
and were of the Nottingham Breed,
Brave Stutely came then with ſeven Yeomen,
and did in this Manner proceed.
This Infant was called John Little, quoth he,
which Name ſhall be changed anon;
The Words we'll tranſpoſe, ſo wherever he goes,
his Name ſhall be called Little John.
They all with a Shout made the Elements ring;
ſo ſoon as the Office was o'er,
To feaſting they went, with true Merriment,
and tipled ſtrong Liquors gallore.
Then Robin he took the pretty ſweet Babe,
and cloth'd him from top to toe,
In Garments of Green, moſt gay to be ſeen,
and gave him a curious long Bow.
Thou ſhalt be an Archer as well as the beſt,
and range in the Green Wood with us,
Where we'll not want Gold nor Silver, behold,
while Biſhop's have ought in their Purſe.
We live here like Squires, or Lords of Renown,
without e'er a Foot of free Land;
We feaſt on good Cheer, with Wine, Ale and Beer
and every Thing at our Cummand.
Then Muſick and Dancing did finiſh the Day,
at length, when the Sun waxed low,
Then all the whole Train the Grove did refrain,
and into their Caves they did go.
And ſo ever after as long as they liv'd,
although he was proper and tall,
Yet nevertheleſs, the Truth to expreſs,
ſtill Little John they did him call.

26. *The Bishop of Hereford's Entertainment by Robin Hood and Little John, &c. in merry Barnsdale.*

SOME will talk of Robin Hood,
and some of Barons bold;
But I will tell you how he serv'd the Bishop of Hereford,
when he rob'd him of his Gold.
As it befel in merry Barnsdale,
and under the Green Wood Tree,
The Bishop of Hereford was to come by,
with all his Company.
Come, kill a Venison, then said Robin Hood,
come kill me a good fat Deer;
The Bishop of Hereford is to dine with me to day,
and he shall pay well for his Cheer.
We'll kill a fat Venison, said bold Robin Hood,
and dress it by the Highway Side;
And we'll watch the Bishop narrowly,
lest some other Way he should ride.
Robin Hood dress'd himself in Shepherd's Array,
and six of his Men also;
And when the Bishop of Hereford came by,
they about the Fire did go.
O, what is the Matter, then said the Bishop,
or for whom do you make this ado?
Or why do you kill the King's Venison,
and your Company is so few.
We are Shepherds, said bold Robin Hood,
and we keep Sheep all the Year;
And we are dispos'd to be merry to Day,
and to kill of the King's fat Deer.
You are brave Fellows, said the Bishop,
but the King of your Doings shall know;
Therefore make Haste, and come along with me,
for before the King you shall go.
O pardon, O pardon, said bold Robin Hood,
O pardon, I thee pray,
For it becomes not your Lordship's Coat,
to take so many Lives away.

No

No pardon, no pardon, says the Bishop,
no pardon I thee owe;
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
for before the King you shall go.
Then Robin set his Back against a Tree,
and his Foot against a Thorn,
And from underneath his Shepherd's Coat,
he pull'd out a Bugle Horn.
He put the little End to his Mouth,
and a loud Blast did he blow,
Till threescore and ten of bold Robin's Men,
came running all on a Row.
All making Obeisance to bold Robin Hood,
'twas a comely Sight for to see;
What is the Matter, Master, said Little John,
that you blow so hastily.
O here is the Bishop of Hereford,
and no pardon we shall have;
Cut of his Head, Master, said Little John,
and throw him into his Grave.
O pardon, O pardon, said the Bishop,
O pardon I thee pray;
For if I had known it had been you,
I'd have gone some other Way.
No pardon, no pardon, said Robin Hood,
no pardon I thee owe;
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
for to merry Barnsdale you shall go.
Then Robin Hood took the Bishop by the Hand,
and led him to merry Barnsdale,
He made him stay and sup with him that Night,
and to drink Wine, Beer, and Ale.
Call in the Reckoning, said the Bishop,
for methinks it grows wond'rous high?
Lend me your Purse, Master, said Little John,
and I'll tell you bye and bye.
Then Little John took the Bishops Cloak,
and spread it upon the Ground;

And out of the Biſhop's Portmanteau
he took three hundred Pounds
Here's Money enough, Maſter, ſaid Little John,
and a comely Sight to ſee;
It makes me in Charity with the Biſhop,
though he heartily loveth not me
Robin Hood took the Biſhop by the Hand,
and cauſed the Muſick to play,
He made the Biſhop dance in his Boots,
and glad he could get away.

27. *Robin Hood and the valient Knight; together with an Account of his Death and Burial, &c.*

Tune of, *Robin Hood and the fifteen Foreſters.*

WHEN Robin Hood and his merry Men all,
Derry, derry, down,
had reigned many Years,
The King was then told, he had been too bold,
to his Biſhops and noble Peers.
Hey down, derry, derry, down.
Therefore they called a Council of State,
to know what was beſt to be done,
For to quell their Pride, or elſe they reply'd,
the Land would be over-run.
Having conſulted a whole Summers Day,
at length it was agreed,
That one ſhould be ſent to try the Event,
and fetch him away with Speed.
Therefore a truſty and worthy Knight,
the King was pleas'd to call.
Sir William by Name, when to him he came,
he told him his Pleaſure all.
Go you from hence to bold Robin Hood,
and bid him withont more ado,
Surrender himſelf, or elſe the proud Elf,
ſhould ſuffer with all his Crew.
Take here an hundred Bowmen brave,
all choſen Men of Might,
Of excellent Art, for to take thy Part,
in glittering Armour bright.

Then

Then ſaid the Knight, my Sovereign Leige,
by me they ſhall be led;
I'll venture my Blood againſt Robin Hood,
and bring him alive or dead.
One hundred Men where choſen ſtraight,
as proper as e'er Man ſaw;
On Midſummer Day they marched away,
to conquer that brave Outlaw.
With long Yew-Bows and ſhining Spears,
they marched in mickle Pride,
And never delay'd, or halted, or ſtaid,
till they came to the Green Wood Side.
Said he to his Archers, tarry here,
your Bows make ready all,
That if need ſhould be, you may follow me,
and ſee that you obſerve my Call.
I'll go in Perſon firſt, he cry'd,
with the Letters of my good King.
Well ſign'd and ſeal'd, and if he will yield,
we need not draw one String.
He wandered about, till at length he came
to the Tent of Robin Hood,
The Letter he ſhews, bold Robin aroſe,
and there on his Guard he ſtood.
They'd have me ſurrender, quoth Robin Hood,
and lie at their Mercy then;
But tell them from me, that never ſhall be,
while I have full ſeven ſcore Men.
Sir William the Knight, both hardy and bold,
did offer to ſeize him there,
Which William Lockſley by Fortune did ſee,
and bid them that Trick to forbear.
Then Robin Hood ſet his Horn to his Mouth,
and blew a Blaſt or twain,
And ſo did the Knight, at which there in Sight,
the Archers came all amain.
Sir William with Care he drew up his Men,
and plac'd them in Battle Array;

Bold Robin we find, he was not behind,
now this was a Bloody Fray.
The Archers on both Sides bent their Bows,
and the Clouds of Arrows flew;
The very first Flight, that honoured Knight,
did there bid the World adieu.
Yet nevertheless their Fight did last,
from Morning till almost Noon;
Both Parties were stout, and loth to give out,
this was on the last of June.
At length they went off; one Party they went,
For London with free good Will:
And Robin Hood he to the Green Wood Tree,
and there he was taken ill.
He sent for a Monk, to let him Blood,
who took his Life away;
Now this being done, his Archers they run,
it was not Time to stay.
Some went on Board, and crossed the Seas,
to Flanders, France, and Spain,
And others to Rome, for fear of their Doom,
but soon returned again.
Thus he that ne'er fear'd Bow nor Spear,
was murder'd by letting of Blood;
And so, loving Friends, the Story doth end
of valiant bold Robin Hood.
There's nothing remains but his Epitaph now,
which, Reader, here you have;
To this very Day read it you may,
as it was upon his Grave.

10 KAL. 52

ROBIN, *Earl of* HUNTINGDON,
Lies under this little Stone;
No ARCHER *was like him so good,*
His Wildness nam'd him ROBIN HOOD.
Full thirteen Years, and something more,
These Northern Parts he vexed sore,
Such OUTLAWS *as He and His Men,*
May ENGLAND *never know again.*

FINIS.